CAMPBELL;

OR, THE

SCOTTISH PROBATIONER.

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A NOVEL.

Hard is the Scholar's lot, condemned to sail,
Unpatronised, o'er life's tempestuous wave:
Clouds blind his sight; nor blows a friendly gale,
To waft him to one port—except the grave.

PENROSE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XIX.

Sweet scenes of youth, to faithful memory dear,
Still fondly cherished with the sacred tear;
I lose amidst your winding dells the past,
Ah! must I think this lingering look the last!

LEYDEN.

THE schoolmaster had avowed his principles, which were dangerous to the country; and government kept a watchful eye upon suspected characters. He saw the storm gathering, and conscious of possessing some secrets connected with the blessings of *liberty and equality*, which, he was well aware, if disclosed, would render his present situation no longer tenable, he made, what is termed, a moon-light *flitting:* but not

before he had laid his constituents under contribution for very considerable sums, under pretence of being engaged in some smuggling transactions, in the profits of which they were to participate.

Eppie's father had advanced £80, and several others smaller sums, all unknown to each other: as a compensation to two of them, he left a memorial with their daughters, and was under promise of marriage to other two, exclusive of Eppie.

Had Tom Paine turned Christian, and been created first lord of the treasury; or had the Duke of Brunswick battered down Paris, and hanged the members of the National Convention *a la lanterne*, greater consternation could not have pervaded the village of —— than was produced by the elopement of the patriotic schoolmaster.

He had taken effectual means to prevent being apprehended, by procuring leave of absence, under pretence of being engaged on the smuggling expedition; and it was not till they compared notes, that his flight could gain credit.

Sanguine as the inhabitants of the village had been in their schemes of liberty, they were completely disgusted with the specimen which had been given by one of its eloquent advocates. Eppie now told her mother, that the fellow had made many attempts to seduce her, and that perhaps her safety was partly owing to Robbie, who having learned the character of this libertine, had entreated her not to be deceived by his insidious promises.

I felt for the distress that pervaded the families of some of my former employers; but important consequences resulted from this: republicanism, infidelity, and the rights of man, were entirely abjured—Farmer Robbie married Eppie, and things went on in the old way.

There are certain minds so constituted, that they can rest only at extreme points. Such were those I have been describing. We have seen how violent abettors they were of the doctrines of the new school:—disappointed, and deceived by one of their own apostles, they ascribed the faults of an

individual to the principles which he professed, and now became the persecutors of reformers of every description.

The intemperate spirit of the times continued; and as I had resolved upon remaining neutral, I had to encounter many vexations, and endure many privations. In every company, there was always one or more who would talk of nothing but politics; a subject of which I was heartily sick: but still worse; he who was supposed capable of thinking and talking, if he kept silent, was suspected and accused by both parties; and in the course of the evening, I have been marked as an Aristocrate and a Democrate, not for what I said, but because I declined speaking on either side.

That agreeable intercourse which subsisted between neighbours, was not only interrupted, but nearly destroyed. Political animosity (with a rancour and virulence which will scarcely be credited by him who did not live in these times) had poisoned the sources of social happiness; old friends

quarrelled, and cold suspicion and gloomy reserve pervaded every circle.

I still continued to teach the school, but I possessed few of those enjoyments that render life pleasant. Little society was to be obtained, in which I could receive and communicate pleasure. My leisure hours were therefore chiefly devoted to reading, and endeavours to amuse my father, who was now in a very poor state of health. His illness increased; and in a few weeks I laid his head where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." His situation had prevented my annual visit to my friend, Mr Belfield; but our correspondence had been frequent, and his exhortations and example had confirmed my aversion to political discussion. I now saw myself truly an isolated being, having no congenial mind around me;

"None to bless me—none that I could bless!"

Disappointed in my early hopes of a respectable competence in life—the tenderest

and dearest of my affections blighted in their spring, withered with the grass that covered the grave of Maria B.—I felt myself in danger of degenerating into a misanthrope; but the recollection of Mr Belfield, and of her whom I now considered Mrs Maitland, in some degree reconciled me to the world.

I wrote to Hawthorn-lodge, informing Mr Belfield of my father's death, not doubting but he would immediately insist upon my acceptance of his former proposals; and indeed I only waited his invitation, for I was completely tired of being alone. A month, a lingering month, passed away—and I began to wonder if it were possible, that the romantic, the friendly Belfield, was as selfish and as changeable as the greater part of those with whom I had been connected. While my mind was in this state, a *fracas* happened in the school. Two boys, one of them the clergyman's son, and the other the son of a farmer, had been guilty of gross indecency in the school; the fault was notorious, and there was a necessity for the punishment

being exemplary: the culprits were therefore publicly chastised. Being the biggest boys, and also conceiving themselves superior to the greater number of my pupils, this exercise of my authority was strongly resented; the lads left the school immediately. In the course of the afternoon, I received a very intemperate letter from the clergyman; and, as a still greater mortification, the farmer came bouncing in, and, after much passionate abuse, shook his fist in my face before all my pupils. This incident had little tendency to reconcile me to a situation to which I had already conceived a very strong dislike. After passing a very unpleasant night, during which I often exclaimed with my favourite Cowper,

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness!"

I determined upon resigning my charge immediately, and burying myself in some remote corner of the world, where I was totally unknown, and to live as I could, upon the produce of Mrs Maitland's donation.

Just before breakfast, I was walking with unequal and hurried steps in my little garden, lamenting my own sensibility—execrating the folly and selfishness of my species, and half hesitating whether I should not include Mr Belfield in the execration, when a gentleman in a landau stopped at my door; and in half a minute the grasp of Mr Belfield's friendly hand was thrilling through my nerves. "My dear friend," said he, "excuse my apparent neglect ——I have been in England——your letter was forwarded, but, owing to some of my eccentricities, missed me on the road; and after having made nearly the tour of the island, arrived at Hawthorn-lodge one day after me. I have lost no time in seeing you; and trust I shall not have again to come such a distance for that pleasure. We are two isolated beings, and why should we live separately? you must either go with me, or I will stay with you. But as you seem to be rather more limited in accommodation, and, I suspect, are only tenant at will, I think you had better go to Haw-

thorn-lodge. Let us have breakfast, and we shall arrange matters in a twinkling."

I now related to my friend, without disguise, the state of my feelings, including the incident that had recently occurred; and expressed my fears, that my temper was so far soured with the world, as to prevent me from being ever again a pleasant or agreeable companion.

"Psha!" said he, "take away the cause, and the effect will cease. You do not yet know the world, and respect it too much. Care less for other people, and more for yourself: I do not mean that you ought to cherish a kind of morbid sensibility, calculated only to make you miserable: on the contrary, rub off that fine edge from your feelings, which render them too keen for common use. Regard the opinions of other people as little as they do yours. If you follow the dictates of your own unbiassed good sense, you will not often do wrong; but if you begin to weigh every action against the opinion of the world, with all the *pros* and *cons* that others may urge in

the matter, you will seldom do right. But enough of this! I did not come here to read you a lecture; and I trust, by the time you have rambled a month among the woods and hills of ——shire, you will wonder how you should ever have had occasion for them. —Come, when shall we start?" "Much as I wish it, you know it is impossible to go off so abruptly. What would my constituents say?" "There again! still thinking about other people's opinion!—however, some little arrangement may be necessary; give them warning, and off. Except your clothes, library, and any other little trifles,—do not trouble yourself with furniture; sell it for what it will bring. You shall be made comfortable."

A day was fixed for my final removal; and Mr Belfield left me relieved from a heavy burden. I was still indeed making myself dependent—but had I ever been otherwise? and of all men I had yet known, Mr Belfield was he to whom I believed I could most easily be under an obligation. Besides, our minds are sometimes

in such a morbid state, that like a person sick, we imagine that the very change of position will afford us relief: such was exactly my present situation. From an accumulation of little circumstances, I believed that I should be happier any where else than in that quarter in which I now resided, where a constant succession of ideas compelled me to brood over the misfortunes of my family and my own melancholy prospects. My resignation, I have reason to believe, was unexpected, and received with some disappointment; but my resolutions were taken.

My scanty stock of furniture was sold off, and all my accounts settled. I had paid a few parting visits, and the morning of my departure arrived.

My chest, and my library packed in boxes, were forwarded to the nearest town. I had slept with an acquaintance in the village; and, after breakfast, Mr Belfield's servant, Roger, arrived with a gig, informing me, that he had left his horse at the nearest inn.

I was now about to leave a scene, which, although it had afforded me little pleasure,

had produced events calculated to make a strong impression upon my feelings. Compared with the distance to which I was now removing, it might be termed my native soil. And although I had formed few intimacies or endearing associations, yet I became melancholy when I looked upon the objects around me, and thought it was probably for the last time. On the previous evening I had taken farewell of my friends; but, as there were some whom I looked upon as the reverse, I could not, without painful emotions, reflect upon leaving them in a state, from which we might mutually continue to think ill of each other. I had just taken a turn in my garden, which, from its situation, in some degree overlooked the village and adjacent neighbourhood; the varied scene and its inhabitants crowded upon my imagination; I had taken my last look, and was audibly repeating the pathetic adieu of Burns:

"Farewell my friends—farewell my foes,
My peace with these, my love with those!"

when I received a friendly tap on the shoulder, and, turning round, the minister of the parish was standing with outstretched hand to receive mine. "I come most opportunely," said he, "so far to realize your valedictory couplet, for I have heard and applauded it. Is it true, my dear Sir, that you leave us just now?" "Yes, Sir." "I did not expect your departure so suddenly. I have thought often of the little misunderstanding that took place between us; and I am, indeed, both for your sake and my own, sorry to find I was in the wrong. Pray forgive what I have done to hurt your feelings. I know that I am hasty, perhaps passionate, but I do not plead this as my excuse; suffice it to say, that in a father's feelings I forgot a father's duty. I thank you, my dear Sir, for doing yours, and beg that you will reckon me in the number of your friends." After a short interview, and a few friendly inquiries, we shook hands and parted, I trust with mutual good wishes.

I got into the vehicle, and in about an

hour after setting out, found myself in the humble, but happy valley, where I first saw the light. I pulled my horse by the reins, and as my feelings now overpowered me, I determined to indulge them. I passed through fields that my father and his progenitors had cultivated; I reached the spot where stood his happy dwelling—it had been razed to the foundation; a modern farm-house and offices now occupied its place. All that remained, as I had known and loved it, were a few broad planes, now waving at a distance from the house, and whose branches shaded our windows from the summer's meridian sun. The spring, that bubbled up and meandered across our garden, was now covered over; a leaden pump, pouring its crystal element into a cistern, polluted by birds and beasts, clean and unclean. In any other case, perhaps, I would have admitted that these were improvements, but here my heart condemned them.

The stone wall that fenced the garden appeared unsightly in my eyes, compared

with the hedge of broom which formerly clad the sloping ditch, and shed its golden blossoms on my head, as I reclined upon the bank in a summer morning. The rock, or rather the gray stone, that occupied the centre of the green, from which I used to mount my father's dapple mare, being too heavy for removal, had been blown to pieces with gunpowder; I saw the fragments ranged as a kind of fence to the corner of the adjoining field:—the unfeeling may laugh, but I was disposed to cry! A little further on I crossed the rivulet, where I had paddled barefooted, pursuing minnows, or floated my mimic ship. I passed the mill-dam, where I had narrowly escaped drowning from the upsetting of a shoal of ice; and, about a quarter of a mile further, entered the wood where I had wandered bird-nesting, and in the close of summer clambered for nuts, or crawled for blackberries. All these I had, within these few years, seen an hundred times without emotion; but now that I was to bid them adieu, perhaps for ever, I conceived myself

as parting with so many friends. Often before, when stung with vexation, or fretted with disappointment, I thought I could leave them without a sigh; but now I felt very differently. Although this was the scene of my father's misfortunes, and of my blighted hopes, yet there was not a grassy hillock, spreading tree, or scented hedgerow, that I saw around me, but had some association which endeared it to my heart; my vexations and disappointments were forgotten, and still I lingered reluctant to quit the scene.

I now approached the church-yard, where slept the dust of my honoured parents and their progenitors for several generations. I descended from my vehicle, and, in solemn silence, entered this mansion of mortality. The morning sun shone brightly on the tomb-stones around me; but his vivifying heat animated not the clay that slumbered underneath! The grass was yet scarcely green on my father's grave; while that of my mother, shaded by a sombre yew, was covered with a verdant carpet, intermingled

with flowers from which the pearly dews of morning were not yet evaporated. My sister and her little infants were laid at a small distance. A feeling of awe overpowered me. I beheld the resting-place of my ancestors,—those who had given me birth; —those who had long been my consoling friends and cheerful companions;—the little prattlers who had clambered on my knees: —those who had come before, and those who had followed after me, in the journey of life, had here finished their course and slept in peace;—their cares, their sorrows, and all the little strife of men, forgotten for ever! My heart swelled, and I began to wonder what detained me a wanderer on earth, when all my race had reached a place of rest.

I forgot the immense difference of our situations—the immeasurable distance that lay between us—and believed that the authors of my being were not only present, but spectators of my appearance, and sympathized with my feelings. The world and all its concerns were forgotten; I fan-

cied myself an inhabitant of another and a purer region, while the forms of my father and mother, and my adored Maria B., blessed my vision. A noise at the gate interrupted my reverie; the illusion vanished: I felt that I was still an inhabitant of earth, but that a few years at most would close the scene: "And why not now?" said I mentally; "my life is of value to none. I have lived neglected and unknown to the world. Let me die in peace, and be forgotten!"

Some children of the village now entered the church-yard; I withdrew, and drove on with considerable speed, glad to escape from all whom I was afraid of meeting, knowing well that there could be little in their minds in unison with my present feelings, which, although of a melancholy nature, I still wished to indulge.

When at a distance from all on which imagination had so fondly dwelt, I again turned to take a last look: the roofs of the houses were hid, but I still saw the green shady trees, and the blue smoke curling

above them. I heard a dog bark in the hamlet, and thought it was the last farewell of a friend. Then it was that I realized the truth of Goldsmith, the bard of Nature's observations.

> "Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
> And dear the hill that lifts him to the storms!"

On arriving at the first stage I had not recovered from my melancholy, and hastened to hide myself from the crowd that was bustling around me.

It being necessary to let my horse rest a little, I retired to a room, where I wrote the following stanzas :—

MY NATIVE VALE.

My dear, my native vale, a long farewell!
  Perhaps I'll tread your flowery turf no more;
You nursed the hope that bade my bosom swell,
  But ah! I feel the fairy dream is o'er.
When first I wandered on your woodlands green,
  Or met the morning on the dewy dale,
My breast was calm, all nature smiled serene,
  And sweet Contentment blessed my Native Vale.

Alas! too soon the golden moments flew;
  Ambition fired my inexperienced mind;
I proudly bade my village joys adieu,
  And, chasing phantoms, left each bliss behind.
Because the morning breeze was soft and fair,
  I vainly hoped to find a favouring gale;
Though distant darkness hovered in the air,
  The beams of hope illumed my Native Vale.

With devious steps I sought a verdant grove,
  And there 'twas mine to find a spotless flower:
No fairer ever graced the court of love,
  No sweeter bud e'er bloomed in Eden's bower!
Ah me! the soul's delight, the garden's pride,
  One cruel stroke laid lifeless, cold, and pale;
My heart's best hopes with dear Maria died,
  And left me mourning in my Native Vale.

Thick gathering fogs obscure life's waning day,
  Last of my race, I leave my native land;
The friendly torch that guides my evening way,
  Is lighted by a gentle stranger's hand.
Yes! I have strayed these once-loved haunts among;
  A wanderer lorn I've poured my plaintive tale,
Where only Echo answered to my song;
  Where none said, "Welcome to your Native Vale!"

Yet till life's purple tide shall cease to flow,
  Where'er my feet, by fate compelled, may roam;
In all my weary pilgrimage below,
  I'll ask for blessings on my early home:

May rosy Health lead on her joyous train,
  Nor Beauty sigh, nor modest Virtue wail;
May Labour's children lightly tread the plain,
  And smiling Plenty crown my Native Vale.

Mild twilight come—my aching eyelids close;
  Soon will the fleeting dream of life be o'er,
And wearied nature sink in long repose,
  To wake renewed on some far happier shore.
Arrayed in robes too fine for mortal sight,
  Maria's seraph form my flight shall hail,
And guide to regions of celestial light,
  A weary wanderer from his Native Vale.

CHAPTER XX.

Happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate,
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
THOMSON.

UPON coming out of the inn, I met Robbie, the farmer of Knowhead, supporting his father-in-law, who was so intoxicated as to be incapable of walking steadily. I wished to avoid them, but it was impracticable. I was recognised, and saluted with "Hilloa, Dominie, well met! (slapping me on the shoulder, and seizing me by the arm)—come, I want to speak wi' you;" and he turned again to walk in. Seeing that I was shy: "Ay, ay," said he, "although you preach forgiveness, you cannot practise it. I own that you have cause to be offended with me, but will you not

forgive me?" "Most freely, Sir," said I, holding out my hand. "Well then, come, let us have a glass together." We were observed, and, to escape from notice, I consented, and was led into a room.

He began to stammer out apologies, interlarded with oaths and execrations against the late teacher and all the reforming *squad*, as he termed them. I endeavoured to convince him that it was wrong to judge of any class of men, from the character or conduct of an individual; but his resentment was warm; his pride too was hurt at being duped, and when to this is added the effect of stimulating liquors, it may be conceived, that to reason with him was a hopeless task. He paid me many compliments, and cursed his own folly fifty times over. I saw, with much concern, that his dissipated habits were confirmed; for, in spite of my remonstrances and entreaties, he vociferated for liquor, striking the table with great violence.— Such were the pernicious effects of associating with bad company. An honest and industrious man had acquired habits which

rendered him in a manner lost to himself, to his family, and to the world. Robbie was much grieved at his conduct, saw my uneasiness, and promised to try every possible means of weaning his friend from so degrading an indulgence.

I reached Hawthorn-lodge without any incident worthy of being related. My good friend had been busy in preparing for my reception, but the cottage was not yet quite finished: I therefore resided for the present at the lodge.

Some time was spent very agreeably in walking over the grounds, and viewing the improvements going forward. Mr Belfield's taste for elegance and simplicity was here very apparent.

One morning when Mr Belfield and I were chatting together, "My dear friend," said he, "I congratulate myself that I have now prevailed upon you to come and reside here: you have long been tantalised with hopes, and fretted with disappointments. I have succeeded in gaining your confidence, and you should be certain that I

deserve it. You are now of an age which ought to find a shelter in some quiet creek from the storms of life, instead of being buffeted by the billows of adverse fortune. We have talked of your opening a school here; to that I have no objection; indeed, so long as you can teach without fatiguing yourself, I rather approve of the scheme. But you have experienced the caprice of the public, and must not be dependent upon that school for subsistence. With my present feelings towards you there is no hazard; but I am liable to frailties like other men: whim or caprice may seize either of us. I am a young man, but the period of human life is uncertain; besides, I want not only a sensible, but a manly and independent companion; now this could never be, if you lived only by my sufferance, and were liable to be turned out on legal warning. My estate is entailed; hence I am unable to give you a perpetual right to any residence on it; however, to promote my own wishes, and to do you justice, I have prepared a lease for the longest period I

have power to grant: there it is (putting it into my hands,) you can peruse it at leisure. I am just going out, and shall be home to dinner. Good morning."

I proceeded to the perusal of the paper, which I found was a lease for nineteen years, legally executed, of that house called the Cottage, situate in the Washing green of Hawthorn-lodge, with all the furniture therein contained; the school-house adjoining, and garden as presently laid out, with the land of Washing-green Park, containing about ten acres; the land to be tilled and sown, and the garden to be dressed, by the servants of Hawthorn-lodge: And this for the consideration of a certain premium paid down, and the yearly rent of £10 Sterling. A note accompanied the deed, stating, that the rent was stipulated to make the transaction legal, but would never be claimed by Mr Belfield. ' This kindness was really oppressive, and I scarcely knew how to meet my benefactor when he returned.

' Upon my attempting to thank him,

"Stop, stop," said he, "if you felt less, you would speak better; I must find somebody else to receive your thanks, for I will not hear a word more on the subject. Your little farm is stocked for the present with a cow and a riding pony; respecting their management, that also is arranged. I believe you are aware, that my theatrical friend, Roger, is in my service. He is a steady man, and would, I believe, die to serve me. You will find him also zealously attached to you; and whatever little services you may want, he will either perform, or get done for you. His Jenny, as we still term her, will act as your dairymaid, and is, in the mean time, solicitous to offer her heartfelt thanks and best services to you as her kind benefactor. For the present season I believe you must content yourself with your garden as it is; afterwards manage it as you please; my gardener has instructions to supply you with seeds, and obey your orders; and when you find it necessary or convenient to extend your household establishment, we shall

all be glad to assist you in any way practicable.

It would be tedious to relate all that was done by my kind friend to make my situation pleasant. The Cottage was fitted up in a style of simple elegance; nothing wanting, and nothing superfluous. The school-house, which was building when I arrived, was finished with neatness and expedition. It was situate in a corner of the park, near the public road, with about one-fourth of an acre railed in as play-ground for the scholars; their entrance to both being by a gate from the road. A neat gravel walk led from my house to the school.

When this little seminary was ready for opening, Mr Belfield told me, that, while it was his sincere desire that I should be useful as a teacher, he would by no means advise, or even consent, that I should come under any engagement with those who might choose to employ me: that as it was not a parish school, I should not be under the control of any ecclesiastical court, farther

than in qualifying to government: that I should limit the number of my pupils and my hours of attendance, so as to make my duty a pleasure rather than a task; and as those who were likely to employ me, could well afford to pay, my charge for fees should be such as to render me respectable: that such as might be dissatisfied, either with the rate of fees, discipline, or mode of teaching, should have full liberty to withdraw their children at the end of every quarter. He added, that he should perhaps claim the privilege of putting the children of one or more paupers under my charge, if any such came in his way.

The number of my pupils was to be limited to thirty, and I was to teach four hours a-day for five days in the week, with liberty to absent myself when I found it necessary.

The school was to be opened the following week, and, before that period, so many applications were made, that I was obliged to refuse several pupils, being determined to adhere most rigidly to the plan I had laid down.

Sole ruler in my little domain, without any power whatever to interfere with my authority or mode of management, I succeeded to admiration. Roger's boy, who entered this world through a green-room, *alias* barn, as already related, seemed a kind of prodigy for quickness of apprehension, and soon formed a most sincere attachment to me.

Every thing now went on pleasantly, and my misanthropy had in a great measure subsided. I began to consider myself as the parent of my pupils, and felt such pleasure in the discharge of my duty, that my hours of attendance were very often extended to five, not from necessity but inclination. Mr Belfield had insisted upon my still continuing his inmate; and, indeed, I was almost constantly with him when out of school: I slept, however, in my own house, and spent a few hours in the morning either in my garden or library, as the weather or inclination prompted.

For some time, Mr Belfield had been furnishing anew the principal apartments of

his house, and many little, but elegant, improvements were going forward, which led me to imagine, that I should soon be superseded in his attentions by a more gentle and agreeable companion. More than a year had glided away, almost imperceptibly; for, indeed, of all its events in which I had been concerned, not one had left an unpleasant sensation on my mind; when, one afternoon, after the cloth was removed, Mr Belfield thus addressed me, in a tone of unusual earnestness: "My dear Sir, I have a very particular favour to request of you. You have seen me quite a domestic man; my associates have been few, yet our parties have been pleasant, and, I hope, not deficient in 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul!' I have contrived to manage my little affairs without the assistance of a factor; but I am now to set out for England, and shall probably be away about three months, and you must be supreme governor during my absence; for there is no one in whom I can so willingly confide. That you stand high in my esteem, and

have a strong hold of my affections, I hope it is not necessary to tell you; yet, shall I confess to you, my dear Sir, there is one still more dear to me;

'Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart!'

The history of our courtship you may yet hear; in the meantime, suffice it to say, that I go to fetch her home, sole mistress of my heart, and lady of this humble mansion. You are the sole depositary of my secret in this quarter, and to your care I must confide the completion of the arrangements for her accommodation; who, if my judgment does not far deceive me, will in wedlock be as exemplary as she has hitherto been lovely.

"But enough: all my servants are instructed to consider you as their master, and to obey you implicitly. I shall leave you legal powers to act for me in whatever may occur, with copious written directions for your regulation in all that I wish executed before my return. I once thought of taking you with me, and it would have

given me great pleasure; but I found that your services here could not easily be dispensed with. You will pardon, I trust, this talk of selfishness, for the occasion calls it forth. I set out on Monday next, and you shall hear from me occasionally." Upon hearing Mr Belfield's narrative, in spite of my own reason, I became silent and abstracted. I had most cheerfully, and from my heart, promised the most unremitting attention to his interest, and compliance with all his wishes; in all this I was sincere, yet still I felt some painful and indescribable forebodings. They were undoubtedly selfish; for although I wished Mr Belfield all earthly happiness, of which I held connubial love to be the chief ingredient, yet I considered this consummation of his wishes as opposing a rival to me in his heart, by whom I was likely to be entirely supplanted.

Upon retiring, my thoughts became gloomy, and I was afraid of relapsing into my former melancholy; but I endea-

voured to reason myself into a better humour, and in some degree succeeded. I felt both the folly and injustice of that selfish and capricious sensibility, which it was so difficult to shake off; but, convinced that it would be cruel and ungrateful to exhibit any symptoms of it before my friend, I exerted all my philosophy; and, perhaps, to his penetrating eye, that exertion only rendered the state of my mind more obvious.

I had received my instructions, with a credit upon his banker; and on his departure, I accompanied him, at his request, the first stage on the road. At parting, "Take courage," said he; "I shall fetch you a friend, who will esteem you as much as I do!" After he was gone I applied myself seriously to my respective duties. As his return was to be expected when the season was in all its gayety, I endeavoured to have the pleasure grounds and garden in the best style of rural elegance. My various orders met with the most prompt

and cheerful obedience; and the multiplicity of my duties relieved me from every tendency to despondence.

When the period of Mr Belfield's return approached, I received a letter informing me of his marriage, and stating the time he expected to arrive at Hawthorn-lodge; which he kindly said he would postpone, by lengthening his tour, provided every thing was not arranged according to his wishes and my own. I informed him, in reply, that all was ready, and that I anxiously waited for his arrival. He wrote again, fixing the day of his return, and instructing me to have a rural fête for his tenantry, by whom he was exceedingly beloved.

As he had left the arrangement of the fête entirely to me, I resolved not to do it in a parsimonious manner. The auspicious morning dawned, with all the splendour that a summer sun and cloudless sky could impart. Tables were erected on the lawn fronting the house, sufficient for the accommodation of all the tenantry. Roast beef, mutton, poultry, and strong ale,

were amply provided for their entertainment. A corps of volunteers, belonging to the parish, appeared in their uniform, and under arms. The farmers and their wives came dressed in their holiday suits; the unmarried girls in white.

My pupils were also neatly attired, and had two stands of colours prepared for the occasion, with suitable emblematical devices and appropriate mottos. Over the gate that opened to the lawn, and at regular distances between that and the house, triumphal arches were erected, ornamented with shrubs, and festooned with flowers. The musicians of the volunteer corps were joined by a band of music from a regular company in the next town; and gayety, good humour, and joyful expectation, lighted up every countenance.

The parson of the parish had kindly associated himself with me, as joint master of the ceremonies; and I felt myself much encouraged and relieved, by his advice and support.

Our sentinel gave notice when the ca-

valcade was approaching. At the park gate it was met by the young girls, who walked before, strewing flowers in the path. The volunteers and boys, with their colours, stood in files on each side of the road, and the band of music played appropriate tunes. The company passed between the files of the volunteers, whose arms glittered in the western sun; while a gentle breeze waved the banners dedicated to love and domestic felicity. My coadjutor and I stood one on each side of the principal stair of the house. As soon as they entered Hawthorn-lodge, the volunteers fired a *feu de joie*; and loud huzzas from the crowd waked all the woodland echoes around.

I will not attempt to express my surprise, upon discovering that the new lady of the mansion was the amiable Miss Johnson, whom I had saved from such eminent danger in the Isle of Wight, in company with Miss Burton. She curtsied and smiled to the delighted spectators; but seized my hand with the kindness of a

friend, and the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

All who had joined in this joyous welcome, were now regaled in a suitable manner; gloves and ribands were given to the girls, and money distributed to the boys, to be laid out in books. The volunteers and band were also rewarded, and dancing and rural mirth concluded the festivities of the day.

Next day, the clergyman and I dined at the Lodge with the newly-married couple and the friends who had accompanied them. Mrs Belfield received and introduced me to the company, not only as an intimate friend, but as the preserver of her life; very politely and kindly adding, that although she hoped Hawthorn-lodge would never be without its endearments while Mr Belfield was there, yet she should still consider my company and friendship as an important acquisition. Mr Belfield rallied me upon the confusion exhibited in my face, on Mrs B.'s first appearance; and told me, that they had mutually agreed to keep the secret, that they

might enjoy the pleasure of my surprise at our first interview.

After the bustle of visitors was over at Hawthorn-lodge, and the worthy inmates began to enjoy the calm scenes of domestic life, Mr Belfield told me, that he and Mrs Belfield would drink tea in my cottage the first afternoon that I found it convenient. The following afternoon was appointed: they came at an early hour, and spent some time in surveying my garden, house, and offices, as Mrs Belfield laughingly said, that she wished to see the accommodation of an old bachelor. After tea, we got into familiar conversation, when Mr Belfield said: "I promised to tell you the history of my courtship, and the present seems a favourable opportunity. The first glance I ever had of these fascinating eyes, that now beam so benignly on both of us, was while spouting in a malt loft in the Isle of Wight. Our theatre was small, and she had placed herself, with all her witchery of smiles and charms, in front of the stage. To see, admire, and love, was the work of a few minutes; and I became not

only absent in my part, but confused and stupid. To prevent my comrades from discovering my feelings and their cause (for I never doubted that all of them, as well as myself, thought her an angel,) I retired from the stage, and an apology was made for my abrupt disappearance.

"By no small exertion and perseverance, I at length discovered her address and rank in life, by which my hopes were at once kindled, and my fears alarmed. I trusted, that could I appear in my own character, a hearing might be obtained; but as that could not be for a considerable time, I was in despair, lest another might step forward and carry off the prize, before I could dare to whisper the tender tale. At last, like a despairing gamester, I resolved upon a desperate throw, and addressed a letter to her, without whom I felt that life had no value, calling to her recollection the stroller who blundered his part some evenings before on the stage, and was obliged to retire—stated the cause, and said, that in my present degraded situation, I would not dare to ap-

proach such loveliness; but that my birth and real rank in life warranted me in declaring my feelings; and that I hoped the time was at no great distance, when I should be at liberty to appear openly: till then, I only solicited that she would not dispose of a heart, without which I felt I should be for-ever miserable.

'Love, they say, is blind: if so, he that night made a good random shot; for, although prudence and modesty obliged my lady to fight shy, she has since acknowledged, that it required no inconsiderable exertion on her part, to preserve her seat in the theatre after I had retired. The state of her own heart compelled her to answer my letter, merely, she pretended, that no one might accuse her of injustice; but she peremptorily told me, that till I could appear before her with that name and character, which she could report to her friends without discredit to herself, and for which I would dread no scrutiny, she would receive no letters from me; nor, either directly or indirectly, keep up farther correspondence.

Here was hope! she had allowed me again to address her, when I could do it with propriety; but what should I do till then? Roger was my confident, and by his assiduity in my service, he procured me information of her motions. One day, having learned that she and a friend were to take an airing into the country in a phaeton, I disguised myself like a clown, and took the same road, merely for the pleasure of seeing her. I watched their return, and gazed upon her with inexpressible delight as she passed. They had driven to a considerable distance, when the horse took fright, and—you know the rest. I was the rustic who took the phaeton to town and returned with the chaise. Although sorry for the fright she had received, yet I blessed the accident that gave me an opportunity of pressing the cushion on which she had leaned; and, I believe, had the vehicle been drawn by fiery dragons, I would not have renounced that pleasure. I took particular notice of you as the deliverer of my angel, and set you down in my heart as a friend. The few

minutes that I had to look at your features, imprinted them on my mind, never to be erased.

"I learned your name and address before you left the island, and resolved upon obtaining your acquaintance, when I should resume my proper character. Our accidental meeting, at the village of ——, gave me a new pleasure. I rejoiced to see you again; and, farther, I determined upon making trial of your disposition: although you had saved my adorable, yet, said I to myself, 'that might be the impulse of the moment, which few in human shape could resist; but I will try his heart, when he has time to reason, and to consult with prudence upon the propriety of the action.'

"The exhibition of your feelings for Roger, and your delicate interference, proved all that I wished: still I adhered to my plan, as the best probable means of giving me a claim to your further acquaintance; for, although my finances were low, yet I could have managed without borrowing the

five guineas from you, had it not been to promote my scheme.

"Upon resuming my proper character, and being admitted to the presence of my Anna, we talked of the alarming accident, and consequently of you: I saw with pleasure the gratitude that throbbed in her bosom, and her solicitude to reward you; which still further confirmed the value of that heart, which I was so happy in having gained. In short, except the slight service that I was enabled to render to your father, and which was entirely the effect of a lucky accident, all that has been done further to promote your comfort, was prompted by that little smiling angel, who, I hope, will long contribute to the happiness of all around her. You will perhaps recollect, that, when you were overwhelming me with thanks, I told you that I must find somebody else to receive them."

At the conclusion of this narrative, I hardly know how I looked;--silly enough, I believe; at any rate, I could not find the

use of my tongue. "My dear Sir," said the amiable Mrs Belfield, taking my hand, "let us think no more of the matter. Man is, or ought to be, a social creature; all of us here are under mutual obligations to each other: mine are the greatest, for to you I owe my life: no matter; I hope we shall all live long together, reciprocally obliging and obliged; for I should feel very unhappy indeed, if you ever exhibit any one trait of conduct, indicating a sense of dependence: let us live and meet as mutual friends, whom a kind destiny has brought together, and in no other relative situation whatever; therefore, after this moment, not another word of obligation or thanks. Pray, when did you hear from or of Mrs Maitland?"

A slight blush again warmed my cheek, as I replied, "not since she assumed that name." "Well, you will perhaps see her soon: we expect the Colonel and her on a visit here in a short time. She is a good creature—a little romantic at times perhaps—but we are all so—that player fellow there,

for instance. I too have had my flights; and I know that you are not exempted—I have learned more of your history than you imagine; but of that hereafter. In the meantime, I wished to apprise you of Colonel and Mrs Maitland's appearance; and have further to inform you, that such are Mrs Maitland's ideas of candour and honour, that previous to her marriage, the Colonel was fully informed of all that had passed between her and you. Do not start—the correspondence passed through my hands, and was by me put into those of the Colonel. After perusal, he said, "This is no ordinary man, and must not be lost sight of; he deserves protection; and the woman who will so candidly communicate her eccentricities, has also a noble and upright mind: I am a soldier, and prefer sincerity and honour to the mawkish affectations of whining sensibility. It was some of Miss Burton's singularities that first attached me to her, and I now admire her more than ever. To offer her hand to such a man, was no degradation; it was a proof of her discernment."

I could sit no longer to hear all this. "I see," said Mrs B., "that your modesty is again distressing you: it is evident that Mrs Maitland made a fair estimate of your character in that respect; but we shall drop the subject. When Colonel Maitland arrives, be assured you will meet a gentleman and a friend."

Situate as I now was, will it be conceived that I could possibly be unhappy? Alas! I felt myself more so every day! The tenderness, the amiable and delicate attentions, which Mrs Belfield displayed on all occasions; her unremitted assiduity to promote her husband's happiness; her constant endeavours to anticipate his wishes, and the unsophisticated domestic felicity that reigned at Hawthorn-lodge; all these added every day to my melancholy.

It will not be imagined that I envied the felicity of my friends: Oh no! if any effort of mine could have increased it, how cheerfully would it have been exerted. But I saw here, what refinement of bliss our natures are capable of enjoying: I saw

the cup of felicity filled to the brim, pure and unmixed, of which I was doomed never to taste. "Such," said I to myself, "might have been my portion with Maria—but, fate forbade the consummation of such happiness! I have friends, it is true; but what are the returns of gratitude to the overflowings of the heart—the esteem and confidence that continue to emanate from mutual love? Alas! I feel that I am alone in the world! No one looks to me as a stay and support amidst the storms of life; and there is no heart that can throb responsive to my every feeling! Sainted shade of my Maria! forget not him who has never ceased to remember thee! Unseen by the world, visit his pillow—let thy visionary presence sooth his lingering hours, till our disembodied spirits meet to part no more!"

CHAPTER XXI.

Universal soldiership, has stabbed
The heart of merit, in the meaner class:
Arms, through the variety and brainless rage
Of those that bear them, in whatever cause,
Seem most at variance with all moral good;
And incompatible with serious thought.

COWPER.

SUCH were my feelings, and although conscious that they were improper, I was unable to suppress them. When I allowed myself calmly to deliberate upon my situation, I found that it was far superior to what I had hitherto enjoyed;—that my privations were ideal; and that there were many about me solicitous to promote my happiness. Exclusive of Mrs and Mr Belfield, there were Roger and Jenny, who had more than common attachment to me; and I had often been at a loss to conceive, how so trivial

an attention as mine to them, should have produced such gratitude in return.

One day, during Mr Belfield's absence in England, I had occasion to walk over several fields with Roger, inspecting some improvements that were going on. In the course of our walk, I was much struck with the style of his language, and several pertinent observations, which exhibited more knowledge of the world than I expected from him. I just hinted my surprise, indicating a wish (if agreeable to himself) to know the outline of his life; as I presumed he had experienced several vicissitudes previous to his present settlement. I observed, that he heaved a sigh, as he said, that if there were any thing in his story worthy of my attention, it might perhaps be of some service to himself if I would indulge him with a hearing; as he wished to consult me about something connected with his little history. Upon my requesting him to proceed, he began thus:

"My father was a farmer in a distant part of the country, a plain, honest, sensible

man. I had one elder brother and three sisters. My brother and I, when about fifteen years of age, were sent to an academy, to finish what my father thought would be a good and useful education; and indeed it might have been so, had we improved the opportunity; but youth is giddy. Alas! I am now sensible we were worse than giddy; we became wicked.

"At the academy were many youths with their pockets full of money; we felt a pride in associating with them, and were soon initiated into all the fashionable follies and vices of the day. Our father was astonished and grieved at our debts; not so much, he said, on account of their amount, as for the habits which we must have acquired in contracting them.

"Alas! he was correct in his judgment! we now looked with contempt upon those formerly our equals. With the brawny ploughman whistling along the furrow, I would now have disdained to associate: and although I, indeed, beheld with delight the rosy-cheeked dairy maid, my looks were

only those of unhallowed passion; for I conceived the seduction of rural innocence a dashing achievement, or, at most, a venial transgression. My father insisted, that we should now choose the professions that we intended to follow. To my brother, as eldest, he proposed a proportion of the profits arising from the farm, which, by legal right, would probably one day be his entirely: I had formed, what I then conceived to be, friendships at the academy with some youths of family, on whose interest I relied. One of them had offered to procure me an ensigncy in the army, upon very easy terms, assuring me of further and speedy promotion. I persuaded my father to advance the money, and became a soldier of fortune."

At this period of Roger's narrative, I felt an indescribable emotion, being convinced that I was now listening to the adventures of the brother of him whose story has been already related, and whose fate had produced such anxiety to me; however, I endeavoured to hide my feelings, and Roger proceeded:

"I had contrived to procure from my father about an hundred pounds more than paid for my commission; the balance of this sum, after equipping myself, was soon spent among my new acquaintances, in whose society I promised myself much happiness. When reduced wholly to my pay, I found my necessities increase every day, while my appetite for pleasure was growing stronger: I had also to experience, what I could very ill brook, the con mpt of some who had formerly courted my acquaintance, and whom I considered my inferiors in every thing, except the weight of their purse, or rather their facilities in procuring supplies. I had now, for about a year, endured many privations; but, in that period, I had learned to reflect; my friend, on whom I relied for promotion, gave himself no trouble about my concerns, and ultimately declined replying to my letters. Ever since I entered the regiment, we had been in quarters; and that time was passed in a ceaseless round of idleness, or dissipation. It was, perhaps, the want of means to pursue illicit

pleasures, that set me to moralizing; I began to reflect upon my own conduct, and saw, with horror, the course I had too long pursued. The consequence was, that I became rigidly virtuous, at least in the general sense of the word. You will easily believe, that I was now assaulted with all the raillery that licentious wit could inspire, and that, of course, my situation was far from agreeable. My former pride had in a great measure forsaken me; I had, nevertheless, naturally an irritable temper; and the disappointment I had met with, the scorn of men, whose intellectual endowments were as contemptible as their practices were immoral, still operated as provocatives to my latent, but not extinguished irascibility. Perhaps, being displeased with myself, also assisted in promoting irritation against those, who had been either leaders, or powerful auxiliaries, in my too successful endeavours to degrade myself. My situation daily became more unpleasant, and a circumstance soon occurred which brought my affairs to a crisis.

" As there were no barracks in the town where we were then quartered, the officers took lodgings: another ensign and I lodged with a widow, whose principal means of subsistence arose from letting out part of her house to such respectable lodgers as offered, and the industry of her daughter, an only child, about nineteen years of age, who wrought as a milliner. By these means, they contrived to keep up a respectable appearance, with characters that envy or scandal had never dared to asperse.

" The girl had a good countenance, genteel manners, and was artless and innocent. She rendered to my brother officer and me the necessary domestic services with modesty, and without prudery; always cheerful and obliging, she did not exhibit a single trait of levity in her behaviour. My companion had often passed jokes with her, in order to sound her disposition; but such was her prudence, that he was unable to discover what impression they made. Perfectly aware of his total want of principle, I saw his insidious attempts with much concern; but

hoped that her indifference would induce him to desist; or, should that not be the case, I determined to watch his conduct, and, if possible, save the artless and unsuspecting object of his snares from destruction. Believing himself irresistible, both in love and war, although his prowess in the one had chiefly been exhibited, either with silly credulous girls or mercenary wretches, and in the other, by a couple of challenges to shopkeeper's apprentices; and, perhaps, piqued that this *chit*, as he termed her, should see him with indifference, he therefore set himself steadily, but secretly, to study the most likely plan for her seduction.

"I suspected his purpose, and remonstrated with him; but he told me to mind my own affairs, and concluded by threatenings, which only served to fix my previous resolutions.

"Not to tire you, he laid a plan of inviting her to the theatre, and from thence to conduct her to a house, where his success was almost certain. This scheme I discov-

ered from an accomplice (for there is no friendship among the wicked), and took sure means to prevent it, by accompanying them to the theatre, and insisting upon the girl's returning home at the conclusion of the entertainment. He was half intoxicated—we quarrelled—he avowed his purpose, and struck me. I conducted the girl home, and felt it my duty to warn both her and her mother of the danger she had narrowly escaped—the consequence of which was, that he was ordered by the mother to leave the house. Thus his hopes were blighted, and what was probably more galling, the triumph of his pride was disappointed—I was the sole cause, and his vengeance must be satiated. He took care to get our quarrel at the theatre represented at the mess, in the point of view that best suited his purpose—the blow that he had given me was not forgotten. Among men of honour, this was a stain that could only be wiped off by a challenge. The hint was given me; but I have already said, that my principles had changed in this school, and I pro-

nounced him too contemptible for my further notice.

"This was a mode of procedure utterly incompatible with all the laws of modern chivalry, and I was sent to Coventry; in other words, expelled the mess, and all association with my brother officers denied. Too proud to stoop to daily indignity for the privilege of half starving, and sick of the society in which I was placed, I resolved to sell out; and accordingly waited upon the Colonel, to communicate my intentions. He received me rather coldly; but I succeeded in gaining his attention. He was pleased to say, that he was perfectly satisfied that I had acted upon rational and sound moral principles, and earnestly wished that all his officers would think as I did; but, unfortunately, that not being the case, *etiquette* required a procedure by the *code* of honour, which might render my situation disagreeable.

"He regretted that I should think of leaving the service, and would with pleasure (he said) get me exchanged into ano-

ther regiment; but if I was determined to lay down the sword, he would most heartily assist me in the disposal of my commission. After expressing my warmest thanks, I told him, in confidence, that my retiring was both a matter of choice and necessity. That previous to a reformation of my conduct, having been led into expenses by drinking and gambling, the debts I had incurred were not yet liquidated—that I had no friend able to assist me, and the sale of my commission was now the only resource to save me from jail. He certainly pitied me; for, I think, by a hasty motion of his hand, he brushed a tear from his eye, and bade me call upon him next morning at the same hour. I kept my appointment, when he very kindly told me, that the disposal of my commission must be gone about in the usual way; but as that would take some time, and as my situation was so disagreeable, he would give me leave of absence, with some letters, which might be useful to me afterwards. He then rung the bell, and the Major appeared. 'Major,' said

the Colonel, 'this is the young man whose story I told you last night.' I received some very rational and friendly advice from both. They then shook hands with me; gave me ten guineas each, which, they said, would enable me to discharge any little debts I might have contracted before I left head-quarters, and, wishing me success, bade me farewell.

"I succeeded in disposing of my commission, and, reversing the process of the lobster boiled, changed my hue from red to black, paid my debts, and with the remainder of my cash (nearly an £100) took the road for Wales.

"Now a determined economist, I performed the journey on foot, until within less than a day's walk of the place where I intended to fix my residence, when, being rather tired, and the road very bad, I agreed with a return post-chaise to carry me to the next stage. The day was far advanced when we arrived; but being fortunate enough to find another chaise there, I drove on. This was a long stage; we were

now in Wales, the roads were getting worse, and it began to rain hard, accompanied with a strong gale of wind. It became exceedingly dark; the cattle crept slowly; and the driver expressed his fears of the road, which, in some places, lay along the brink of rocky precipices. He had just proposed dismounting to grope his way, when the horses, impatient from the storm, stept forward; but they had not gone ten yards, when both driver, horses, and vehicle, were overturned, and rolled to the bottom of a declivity, of at least an hundred feet. When I recovered a little, I got out, with no other injury than a considerable wound on the cheek, and two of my fingers lacerated by the glass of the carriage. The driver, seeing me on my legs, begged me, for God's sake, to assist him in raising his horses, that were still down, and entangled with the harness. One was easily got up; but the other cost more trouble. However, we succeeded in raising him, only to fall again, and, unfortunately, he laid me beneath him. By

the time that he was removed, it was discovered that we were brethren in misfortune, having a broken leg each. The driver ran to a twinkling cottage light, at some distance, and brought the cottager and his daughter to assist us. Pain and exhaustion had rendered me insensible; and the first thing I saw or felt, was myself stretched upon a coarse, but very clean, bed; an old woman holding a rush-light, and a rosy-looking girl cutting the clotted hair from my cheek and temples, with a look so benignant and expressive, and such a melting softness in her eye, that, had the blush of health been less blooming on her cheek, she might have been mistaken for the goddess Pity, descended from the celestial regions.

"Her father, for she was the cottager's daughter, had gone off for the surgeon, who fortunately resided at a short distance. On his arrival, my kind attendants were endeavouring to keep my leg as easy as possible. The broken bone, which had pierced the skin, was peeping out, and the tender-

hearted girl was literally bathing it with her tears. The surgeon, after telling me it was a compound fracture, set my leg, and bound it up; examined the wounds on my head, and applied some dressings; then recommended rest and quietness; and promised to see me again in the morning. I soon fell asleep, and passed a tolerable night, quite free from fever. The surgeon, next morning, complimented me on my state of health. He was a sensible and humane man; and, entering into conversation, told me, that if I kept my mind easy, I would soon be well.

"He assured me, that I was in a house, where, if I could submit to some privations of comfort or convenience, to which I had perhaps been accustomed (looking at my dress), I would be most carefully attended, and that at half the expense I could be in the town where he resided; and far more quiet, which was of material advantage to me at present. He was also candid enough to say, that he had a patient within an hundred yards of the cottage

where I was, who required his attendance every day for some time; so that the distance would make no difference in his charge. I mention this to the honour of a worthy man; for such I really found him.

"He gave instructions for my regimen and treatment, which were most punctually attended to. My landlord was digging a ditch quite at hand, and when his assistance was wanted in lifting me, he was always ready. His wife was weak and infirm, but her benevolent daughter was better than twenty mercenary nurses. All that the surgeon ordered was procured, and they never asked whether I had a shilling in my pocket. The father and mother had put me in their sleeping-room, at considerable inconvenience to themselves; and the two females trod unshod, and on tiptoe, that I might not be disturbed. I had a slight attack of fever; the surgeon was afraid of delirium, and therefore ordered me to be watched, lest I should injure my leg. This task was performed during

the night by the landlord, and in the day by the daughter or her mother. Often I pretended to be asleep, that I might hear the sweet little angel whisper her apprehensions concerning me. It was summer, and she would fan the flies from my face so gently, and hold the water and toast to my mouth so kindly, that at length nothing seemed to me well done, unless performed by her. She would vary the position of the window-curtain, to produce the necessary degree of light and shade. She would fetch me a rose from the garden, and recommend the strawberries, with so winning an accent, that I believe, although I had seen her pull them from the belladona, I could not have refused to taste them. But I am afraid, Sir, that I weary you; but having still a pleasure in these recollections, I forgot that they cannot interest you." I assured him that I felt much interested, and requested him to proceed. "Well," said he, "time passed on; my constitution was good, my surgeon attentive, and I recovered rapidly. They got

me a pair of crutches; I was soon able to walk across the room, and then to repose in the old family chair, with my leg on a pillow laid across a stool, and that pillow shaken and smoothed by my amiable nurse! O, Sir! when she assisted in placing my crazy limb in an easy posture, the touch of her finger shot electric fire through my frame.

"At length I was able to hobble to the garden, in which was placed a rustic seat, richly shaded with woodbine, jessamine, and roses. The rural goddess of the mansion would not be persuaded to seat herself beside me, but sat on the green, at a respectful distance, plying her needle, and, I believe, most unconsciously darting the arrows of love from her eyes.

"To be brief, I recovered my strength, but lost my heart; and although I could now walk without crutches, I was in no hurry to leave this hospitable cottage.

"I was still ignorant, whether this innocent creature had any greater affection for me than for another; and whether she

would not have exercised the same benevolence to any fellow mortal in similar circumstances.

"I believed that she had not the most distant suspicion of my attachment. I felt, however, that I could not live without her, or that life would, at best, be a blank and dreary wilderness. On the other hand, I was a wanderer, without a home or any fixed object in view, and not possessed of the means of procuring a comfortable subsistence, even were I so happy as to obtain her consent to unite her fate with mine.

"To win her affections under these circumstances, and acquire the title of husband, without ability to discharge the various duties which the sacred rites of marriage enjoin, I conceived to be nothing better than legal seduction. The operation of those internal struggles were soon apparent in my visage; I lost my appetite, and became melancholy and dejected. My kind host and hostess were deeply interested for me, and joined the surgeon in recommending exercise, the keen mountain

air, and goat whey. This beverage was prepared for me by the lovely disturber of my peace: Ah! artless and unsuspecting maid! little did she know, that the innocent and sweet simplicity with which she presented the draught, added strength and subtlety to the potion, and increased the fever in my veins. I felt that matters could not continue as they were, and I neither knew how nor what change to make.

"One Sunday afternoon, we were all seated in the rustic bower, chatting with that familiarity to which I had with difficulty got them accustomed. I sat between the two old people, and Susan (for that was the name of my adorable) was alternately culling flowers and gooseberries, when the old man, after apologising for the freedom, said, that if I did not get better before winter, he apprehended that the keen air of their climate might be disagreeable, and that it would, perhaps, be prudent to seek a more genial spot. 'Do you wish me to leave you?' said I. 'Oh! no,' replied

all the trio; 'never, if you were well and happy;' and I thought that I discovered a blush on Susan's cheek. During the night I resolved and re-resolved. I had some time ago paid my surgeon, whose charge was very moderate indeed, and I determined upon settling with my landlord next morning.

"They appeared hurt at my proposal, and attributed it to what had been said last night. I set them to rights on that head, and, after great difficulty, prevailed upon them to take nearly double what they demanded; but still far under what I expected to be charged. Susan certainly appeared dejected, and, with her face half averted, asked if I was going away. 'Yes,' said I, 'to the hill where we go every day. Will you go?' She thanked me, but said she wanted leisure that day.

"I walked out; sat on the ditch side with her father; told him the state of my heart, and also of my purse. I then asked his candid advice; and assured him, that I had studied as much as possible not to steal his

daughter's affections, until I should have his approbation; and that, if it was his wish, I would leave the cottage to-morrow, although all the best feelings of my heart must remain there.

"The worthy old man paused; and then told me, that he had for some time suspected, either that I was in love with Susan, or had worse intentions; that from some observations, he was persuaded her heart was already mine; and, if I meant honestly, I should have his daughter, and his blessing with her. But I feel that I am tedious, and will hasten to a conclusion.

"I next day invited Susan to the hill with the goats, and there whispered my tender tale. She blushed consent; I kissed her hand for the first time; and the cottagers saw the feast of harvest-home, and their daughter's wedding, celebrated on the same evening. By the advice of my friend, the surgeon, I opened a little shop in the neighbouring town, and expected to do well. The ensuing winter deprived Susan of her mother, who had been long infirm.

"In the course of the summer I was the happy father of a lovely girl, but she was carried to an untimely grave by the hooping cough. Another year passed away, and my business was as successful as I could have expected; when, one fatal night in December, my little shop took fire, and was totally consumed. My father-in-law happened to be in town, and by his exertions to extinguish the fire, and the agitation of his spirits, he was seized with a fever which carried him off. My property was unensured; my few creditors discharged me from my debts; but we had lost all, and were reduced to beggary.

"With the prospect of obtaining employment, we travelled farther into Wales; but our hopes were disappointed, and we were literally starving. Mr Belfield was performing there with his company; we presented ourselves, and I believe that he took us into his employment through compassion. He was so kind and good, that we could not think of leaving him, and, indeed, we knew not what else to do. We

followed his fortunes, while he kept on the stage; and, at his exit, he left us a parting gift. He had got possession of our unimportant, though eventful history, and promised not to forget us. You see he has kept his word, and here we are, his and your grateful servants—contented and happy."

After thanking Roger for his communication, and expressing my hopes that his future journey through life would be more pleasant, I hinted a wish to learn something of the brother whom he left on the farm with his father. At this request I observed the colour change in the poor fellow's face; he heaved a sigh, and, in a tone of deep concern, replied: "Alas! Sir, you have touched a painful chord in my heart; yet I thank you; for I wished to talk to you about that brother, but wanted courage to introduce the subject.

"Oh, Sir! compared with his fate mine has been almost unclouded happiness. My feelings will not enable me to go into the particulars of his history; for it is a painful recollection to me. In the exercise of se-

veral laudable endeavours he was unfortunate. Embarrassed circumstances, and, ultimately, a quarrel with a country gentleman, for attempting to seduce my sister, obliged him to leave his native home.

"My father was thrown into prison for my brother's debts. We knew not whither that unhappy brother had gone, or what he was doing; but in a very short time, he remitted money to relieve his father, which, I fear, was procured dishonourably. To be plain, Sir, although we never had any certain accounts of him, yet, on comparing circumstances. it is too probable, that he was concerned in issuing forged notes, for which he was apprehended, and lodged in Edinburgh gaol; but escaped previous to his trial. This was several years ago, and neither I, nor any of his relations, have heard a syllable of him since. Although the truth of this was never fully ascertained, yet there is too much reason for believing it.

"My father, although liberated from prison, took the matter so much to heart, that he died in a short time after. Now, Sir, I

know you to be my friend, and humbly solicit your advice; for I cannot assume sufficient courage to speak to Mr Belfield on the subject. I have reason to believe, that the person through whose hands the money came to my father, knows more about my brother than he chooses to communicate. I can furnish his address, if either you or Mr Belfield would endeavour to make some discovery of my poor brother's fate; for the mystery in which it is involved, is the only interruption that I now feel to my happiness." I promised to take the matter into consideration, and we parted; for I was incapable any longer of supporting the conversation, without betraying my knowledge of that unhappy man.

Mr Belfield, soon after his marriage, made several alterations in his establishment, and, among others, Roger was placed as grieve, or superintendent, over the land he farmed. During the time he had already passed in a subordinate capacity, he had so closely studied agricultural af-

fairs, and shewn such knowledge and application, that Mr Belfield had full confidence, both in his skill and fidelity. This promotion placed him and his family in a situation equally comfortable and respectable.

CHAPTER XXII.

'Lead me where my own thoughts themselves may lose me,
Where I may dose out what I've left of life,
Forget myself, and this day's guilt.
Cruel remembrance, how shall I appease thee!

OTWAY.

ONE evening, upon coming in, after having spent the afternoon in the fields with Mr Belfield, I was surprised to find my room furnished with several articles of luxury and elegance, which did not formerly belong to it. My house-keeper, observing my surprise, told me, that Mrs Belfield had accompanied them, and that they were arranged by the orders of that lady. I found many of them useful, and some highly ornamental. At my next interview with Mrs Belfield, when she saw that I was about to express my thanks, she said: "My dear Sir, I can anticipate all that you would say; spare your-

self and me the trouble. In a few days I expect Colonel and Mrs Maitland here; they are your friends, and I am sure would wish to see you comfortable. Can you suppose that your friends here have not an equal interest in your happiness? On my late visit to you, I observed several trifling deficiencies in your domestic establishment, which you would not perhaps think of. These I have taken the liberty to supply, that your residence may appear to all your friends, in the style which I hope and expect it will always exhibit."

Early next week the expected visitors arrived; and as Mr Belfield had always insisted on considering me as a friend and neighbour, I was invited to breakfast next morning. Although I knew not how to meet Mrs Maitland, there was no alternative: I had only my own feelings to manage, for I was perfectly aware that she would be quite at ease. The moment I entered the breakfast parlour, Mrs Maitland approached me with the easy frankness of an old acquaintance, expressed her pleasure at see-

ing me, and introduced me to the Colonel, as an old friend of whom they had often talked. My reception from him was easy, for his manners were affable without apparent condescension, and dignified without ostentation; so that by the time breakfast was half finished, I had scarcely an uneasy feeling. Before parting, Mrs Maitland said she had a young friend whom she wished to introduce to me; and the nurse was ordered in, with a lovely boy just beginning to walk. She placed him in my arms: a mass of confused ideas crowded upon my mind, and I hardly knew what I felt: however, I kissed the boy, and prayed for blessings on his head, while my thoughts, in spite of my will, were ranging to an illimitable space in the regions of fancy, with my dear Maria.

The Colonel, who now came forward, took his boy from my arms, and after delivering him to his mother, took my hand and said: "Permit me, my dear Sir, on my own account, to thank you for the services rendered to Mrs Maitland. You have, next to Providence,

been the means of preserving for me an agreeable companion, a sensible and faithful friend, a tender mother, and an affectionate wife. You and I are no longer strangers; and I beg that, henceforward, we may be considered intimate friends. Our stay here will be for some weeks, and I trust we shall continue to meet without ceremony."

Some days after this, as Mr Belfield, Colonel Maitland, and I, were walking over the farm, viewing some improvements (for the Colonel was a farmer also), Roger was sent for to explain the nature of some improvement, or to receive some directions. The moment he came up, and saw the Colonel, he mechanically put his hand to his hat, after the manner of a military salute, and instantly changed colour. The Colonel, too, fixed his eyes on Roger, and the poor fellow looked quite confused. "I am certain, Sir," said the Colonel, "that I have seen your face before, and it strikes me forcibly that we have met, but I cannot just now recollect when or

where." Roger, blushing, replied: "I shall never forget your honour; I am an old soldier, and was sent from the head-quarters of your honour's regiment to mess at Coventry;" and the poor fellow cast down his eyes.

"What!" said the Colonel, "my old conscientious Ensign, who would not fight with a ruffian! Come, shake hands; I am glad to find you have got a better situation. I often thought of you, and wished much to learn what had become of you; but I must hear your story some day soon. Is he a good servant, Mr Belfield?" "I hope death only will part us," said his master. "Amen," rejoined Roger.

"By-the-bye," said the Colonel, "your fiery antagonist, who was the cause of your unhappiness in the regiment, left it a few months after you: he was cashiered for intoxication, and some other offences still more unmanly and unofficer-like." "Sir," said Roger, "although I was stigmatised as a *coward*, I feel that I still possess some of the principles of a *hero*; for I cannot tri-

umph over a fallen enemy, and shall be glad to hear of his amendment." "Bravo!" echoed the company. Roger made his military salute at parting, and strode across the field measuring his steps, and with a more erect gait, while the Colonel and Mr Belfield both united in praising him, according to their different opportunities of appreciating his merit.

Next morning, the Colonel and Mrs Maitland came over to see my residence. We spent a good part of the forenoon in the garden, talking over old stories; and among others, that of the "poor unfortunate," as we generally termed him. Finding that the Colonel knew his story, I told him that Roger, his quondam Ensign, was the brother of this unhappy man. This increased the Colonel's sympathy, and Mrs Maitland said that she would wish to be introduced to him. While yet talking on this subject, the post-boy delivered letters to all of us. The day being fine, and several seats in the garden, we retired thither to read our letters. I found my letter

had come by sea, addressed to me at my former residence, and the hand, I was persuaded, I had seen before. After musing a moment, I anxiously tore it open, and soon recognised the hand-writing of the "poor unfortunate;" but my hands shook as I attempted to unfold it. When I had succeeded, a slip of paper dropt from it, which I took up, and found to be a draft upon a house in London for £100 Sterling, payable to my order. The tenor of the letter was as follows:—

"*New York, 23d April,* 17—

"DEAR SIR,—I must beg your pardon for the freedom of this appellation, although my heart must ever recognise you in one still more dear.

"Should you not recollect my handwriting, the name at the bottom will not add any thing to your information; but when I inform you, that you once received a letter from me, signed 'A Penitent Fellow Mortal,' you will be at no loss to discover who it is, that now has the honour of

addressing you. Never, while I live, can I forget the obligations I am under to your goodness. I have been fully informed of all that you have done for me. Your communication of my story to Miss Burton, enabled her to do what prudential considerations must have prevented you from attempting.

"Perhaps you do not yet know how keenly this lady, I would say angel, interested herself in my fate. She visited me; contrived a plan for my liberation, which perfectly succeeded; gave me money sufficient to bear my expenses to the new world; also, a letter of introduction to a merchant here, who has been a good and constant friend to me, and I hope he has no cause to regret his goodness. Although I mention Miss Burton's exertions to you, yet she laid the strictest injunctions upon me, that I should not, at that time, even to you, communicate her intentions; indeed I found, that she

'Did good by stealth, *nor wished* to find it fame.'

"The gentleman, to whom I had been introduced by her letter, was in want of an active assistant, and he proposed terms, to which I agreed, and endeavoured to make myself useful. My employer behaved most honourably; for he advanced my salary, and ultimately took me into partnership. I had been candid with him as far as common prudence warranted; told him that I was in debt in my own country, and that I could never feel happy till it was paid, and was therefore resolved to practise the most rigid economy. He encouraged my scheme, which I unremittingly pursued, and my wishes on that point are accomplished.

"Could I now obtain the approbation of my own conscience, I might live happily. But alas! although he who has deviated from the path of rectitude, should, by many a painful step, be fortunate enough to recover his track, and although the world should be reconciled to him, yet still he must find it difficult to recover his own self-esteem. Such is the present

state of my mind. I have done all that I can, except publicly declaring my guilt, or delivering myself up a victim to offended and vindictive justice. And knowing all those whom I, had injured previous to my departure, I have, through the medium of a friend, made them restitution. To accomplish this object, I lived like a miser; and the moment I had realised a sufficient sum, it was carried into effect. My endeavours were certainly crowned with the blessing of Providence; for I have succeeded beyond every reasonable expectation. Enclosed is a small mark of my gratitude to you, of which I beg your acceptance. I do not offer it as a reward for your kindness: that was beyond all price, and, I am certain, money would never have procured it. My spirit is deeply wounded, but I must not despair; though the death of my father, occasioned I fear by my errors, lies very heavy on me. Next to my own approbation, to be restored to the esteem of a few of my friends in Britain, of whom Miss Burton and you are the chief, is my first

and almost my only wish; and should you be cruel enough to refuse the acceptance of what I have sent, upon the terms offered, you will convince me, that I am still considered as a contemptible and guilty creature. I hope you are placed in a situation above the assistance of my friendship; it is therefore with diffidence that I offer it. However, my heart prompts me to say, that you have a claim upon all that I can ever possess; and could you read that heart, I hope you will now find nothing there that can disgrace you. Let me therefore beg of you, if fortune has proved unfavourable, most freely to command me. As far as the good things of this life are concerned, I can assist you without injuring myself.

"At any rate, if this finds you in the land of the living, I shall expect, and do most earnestly entreat, the favour of a letter from you.

"I have written to Mrs Maitland by the same vessel; and although I have in this letter called her Miss Burton, I am acquainted with her change of situation;

but her maiden name is associated with so many grateful feelings in my heart, that, even to herself, I renounce it only from attention to etiquette. To her and you I owe my life, my honour, and all that can ever be valuable or dear to me in this world. My heart is not yet dead to its enjoyments; and there are still moments, when I fondly imagine that some of the most delicate are within my reach. But, alas! these dreams are 'like angels' visits, short and far between!' for the bosom that is not at peace within, cannot be prepared to participate in the refined enjoyment communicated by another. While this is the situation of my mind, reason, reflection, and every moral principle, bid me tremble at connecting any woman's fate with mine. But, were it possible that I could recover my own esteem, I feel that I cannot be happy until assured of yours.

"After making every inquiry, I can learn nothing of my poor brother; it is possible that you may procure me some information concerning him; by which

you will have the pleasure of adding another consolation to that heart, which you have already saved from anguish inexpressible. With most respectful esteem, I am, dear Sir, your ever grateful, most obedient, and very humble servant.

"*P. S.* I did not recollect that you never knew our family name. Oh! that I could forget how I have disgraced it! My brother's name is ——."

Mrs Maitland had felt as much interest in the perusal of her letter as I did in mine; for, as soon as she perceived that I had finished it, she came and said to me, "So you have had a letter from New York?" "Yes, Madam." "Well, and are we not happily rewarded for the little exertions we made to save an unfortunate creature? I trust we have preserved a good member of society; and, even in a religious view, have afforded him time for repentance, and making restitution for his errors." "Oh, Madam, I am every day making discoveries which enlarge the obligations I am

under to you; all that you have done for this man, is a debt due by me." "A truce with your nonsense! In the case of this poor fellow, you laid the obligation on me, by giving me an opportunity of doing some little good, in the romantic way so congenial to my disposition."

I then put my letter into her hands: after perusal, "March!" said she, "for his anxious brother must be informed: you had his confidence, and must be the messenger of comfort to him; so endeavour to find him immediately."

He was just coming in to dinner; and having time for a few minutes conversation, I led him to the subject, by saying, that I was now making inquiry after his brother; and asked if his wife knew the circumstance: upon his answering in the affirmative, I stept in with him, and, after some prefacing, put the letter into his hands.

By the time he had finished the perusal, his feelings had quite overpowered him; and if I had not prevented him, he must have fallen at my feet. He clasped me in his arms,

and sobbed like a child. At length he seized his wife by the hand; led her to me; and, in a faltering voice, said, "O Susan, thank and bless the preserver of my dear brother's life, and the honour of our family; for I want words to express my feelings. My worthy Colonel's good lady, too, so kind, so active —she is an angel—Providence has placed me in the midst of my friends! this, this is to be blessed indeed!"

Having now discovered that I was acquainted with the particulars of his brother's history before he left this country, he begged that I would relate them to him. But it did not appear to me, from his being so much agitated, that he was then in a proper state of mind to hear them; and certain that the disclosure would increase his agitation, I bade him calm his feelings, and he should receive the information in the evening.

My worthy friends were all much interested in the circumstances just related, every one of them being more or less concerned with some of the parties. It was therefore proposed by Mr Belfield, that we

should have a festival upon the occasion, to which Roger should be invited; and, said he, although many might conceive this a solecism in etiquette, for my servant to sit at table with us, yet he has often dined with me upon bread and cheese; with you, Colonel, it appears he has sat at the mess; and I know his good sense so well, that, instead of elating him, I am convinced it will only serve to make him more grateful, and rivet his attachment to us still faster." The motion was warmly seconded by Mrs Maitland, upon condition that it should be a dinner in my house; and this proposition was accordingly agreed to.

In the interim, I told Roger the outline of his brother's story; but, suspecting that I had glossed unfavourable circumstances, and feeling himself also deeply indebted to Mrs Maitland, he went and threw himself at her feet; nor would he rise until she promised to relate his brother's history, without reservation or extenuation of his conduct. Mrs Maitland complied with his request, judging it best

to disclose the story immediately, so that the agitation it would produce might subside, and nothing but ease and happiness preside at our entertainment.

When Roger and his wife were invited, he seemed disposed to make some objections upon the impropriety of their sitting at table with their superiors, when his wife promptly, but modestly, said: "Well, as they are our superiors, I conceive it to be our duty to obey their commands; so we must attend; and, I am sure, however deficient we may prove in politeness, our hearts will not be wanting in respect towards such worthy benefactors."

Although none of the party were insensible to the pleasures of the table, yet, as the purpose of our meeting was for more refined enjoyments, I shall forbear giving any detail of the feast; asking pardon for the disappointment which I must thus occasion to those who feel any anxiety to know how an old bachelor treated his guests: suffice it to say, that it was indeed the feast of friendship and good humour.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The smart young Cornet, who, with so much grace,
Rode in the ranks, and betted in the race.

CRABBE.

No after friendship e'er can rase,
The endearments of our early days;
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.

LOGAN.

A FEW days after, a fair was to be held in the next market town, and a good show of cattle was expected. Mr Belfield, who went thither on business, insisted upon Colonel Maitland and me accompanying him, as there was to be a horse race, and some sport might be expected. We saw the horses start, and bets became the order of the day; but as none of us betted, we had the more leisure to observe what

was going on. Amidst a knot of gamblers, Colonel Maitland pointed one out to me, with a jockey frock, whip, and other paraphernalia of a sportsman, saying "what think you of that man's face?"

"I do not like it," said I. "Let us consult Roger," returned he. Upon his being pointed out to Roger, he gave an involuntary start. "That," said the Colonel, "is Roger's *quondam* friend, the Ensign: we shall watch his motions a little, and at the same time let us keep out of his view."

We heard him vociferating, and "*done, done*," echoed from his circle. It seems, however, that fortune had determined not to smile upon him that day, for the horse that was considered as his favourite, was fairly distanced.

He now, with the greatest *nonchalance*, drew a card from his pocket, presented it to those against whom he had betted, and was walking away with much apparent indifference; when he was reminded civilly, that being a stranger, it would be as well to settle accounts. "What the d—l!" said he; "have

not I given you my address?" "Give us something that is your own," said one, and then began to use his whip about the fellow's ears with amazing dexterity. "You Colonel Maitland!" cried another that had got the card; "no, Sir, you are an impostor and a scoundrel!" The card was now handed about, and from an irresistible curiosity, I begged to see the card, and found that it bore Colonel Maitland's address. A great crowd had now collected; we were hemmed in on all sides; and in a few minutes, a gentleman pressed forward, crying, "Here is Colonel Maitland, to whose identity I can swear! Bring forward the impostor, that he may beg pardon of the Colonel and this company for the prostitution of a gentleman's name." He was no sooner dragged into the Colonel's presence, than he became crest-fallen indeed: He dropped on his knees, seized the Colonel by the coat, crying, "Oh Colonel Maitland! I beg your pardon; you have been my friend before now; had I followed your advice, I could never have met with this merited disgrace. For-

give what I have done, and release me from my present enemies!" "Do you know him, Colonel? do you know him?" was echoed from twenty mouths. "Yes," replied the Colonel, "I know something of him—he is really below your notice—let him escape!" As the crowd began to open, some disappointed jockeys of dubious character, finding that nothing could be got from him, began again to exercise their whips; but the fellow, by means of a good pair of heels, contrived to save his shoulders. Determined, however, for still further vengeance, they now called out to the crowd, "A thief! a pick-pocket!" and the poor wretch! instead of twenty enemies, had now above five hundred.

Afraid lest they should murder him, we now followed as fast as possible; but arrived only in time to see them dragging him through a horse pond, into which he had been soused over head and ears. When brought upon *terra firma*, he was unable to stand, being much bruised, and bleeding in several places. "For God's sake let us rescue him, or they will kill him outright."

cried Roger. Partly by reasoning, and partly by threats, we prevailed upon the mob to disperse. Roger then went up to him, took him by the arm, and led him to an ale-house at a little distance.

It was not till they had reached this place of refuge, that the hapless wretch recognised his assistant; and never did conscious guilt appear more conspicuous, or shame more completely humble her victim. He would have spoken; but his tongue faltered; his eyes seemed fixed; and his head sunk upon his breast. We ordered him to be put to bed and taken care of, promising to call again in the afternoon.

The very rough discipline which he had undergone, added to the agitation of his mind, made him seriously ill, and when we called, he was in a high fever. Mr Belfield's physician was sent for, and instructed to attend him. Mr Belfield, at the same time, engaged to reimburse the landlord for what trouble and expense he might incur on the occasion; and upon our return, several necessaries were sent from Hawthorn-lodge.

It was more than two weeks before he was able to leave his room; during which, Roger rode over every day to make inquiries, and give him what assistance he might need.

During his illness, he had reflected much on his situation and conduct; and he one day expressed to Roger a wish to wait upon his benefactors, if they would allow him that honour, of which he acknowledged himself unworthy. "Yet," said he, "I may certainly hope for that favour from a master, whose servant has exercised so much kindness and forgiveness, to one who was his violent and avowed enemy." When his wishes were intimated by Roger, a message was sent, to say, that they expected him next forenoon.

He kept the appointment, but appeared pale and emaciated, and with such a look of contrition and humility, that it would have been difficult for his greatest enemy not to have pitied and forgiven him. After answering some inquiries about his health, he was beginning to make a very humble confession of his errors. "Come," said the Colo-

nel, "save yourself the trouble, as we know the whole; you have been both a fool and a knave; for, indeed, knavery is always folly; and even to these, you have added some mean despicable tricks." "I plead guilty," cried the poor wretch, sobbing. "Well, well," said the Colonel, "but, as we take no pleasure in upbraiding you, have you any thing further to say?" "Very little; experience has long ago convinced me, that the path of life I had chalked out for myself is neither pleasant nor profitable; but conscience has now pointed out the enormity of my guilt. My penitence, I trust, is sincere; but what can I do—I have rendered myself despicable and an outcast, and I cannot work!" After musing some time, the Colonel retired and wrote a letter, with which he soon returned. "Carry this to Glasgow," as he gave it to the poor humble delinquent; "deliver it as addressed; and I trust you will find immediate employment; the future must depend upon yourself. In the mean time, this (giving him money) will bear your expenses to that place."

The poor wretch was overpowered with gratitude, and cried, "O, Sir, I am unworthy of all this goodness; but if Heaven spare me, I hope to deserve it." Utterance here failed him; then looking wistfully in Roger's face, he snatched his hand, shook it—turned his face aside, and hurried away.

Upon discharging his account at the inn, it was discovered that Roger had given him some shirts, and other articles of dress, which he much wanted. In consequence of Colonel Maitland's letter, he got into employment, in which, by sobriety, attention, and fidelity, he acquired the esteem of his employers; and, in the course of a few years, he obtained a situation of trust, and a respectable income.

The period that Colonel and Mrs Maitland had allotted for their visit being nearly elapsed, they proposed going a few days to Edinburgh, where, Mrs Maitland said, she expected to see her old friend, the Captain of the Hebe, and Mr and Mrs Belfield were to accompany them. As the captain was

also my particular friend, this was urged as a reason for me to be one of the party. Lest our friendly captain might sail before we were aware, we waited upon him on our arrival, and found him preparing for another voyage. Aware of some of the changes that had taken place among us, he said, "Ah, Mrs Maitland, you'll not take a birth in my cabin this trip; you have now got a commodore, and must wait for sailing orders. And you, Mrs Belfield, have got spliced too! what are you to make of my friend, the parson, here? for he still keeps on a voyage of discovery: but take care, my lad, that you do not lose your reckoning; you are getting into high latitudes, you have been now a long while at sea, and bye-and-bye your timbers will get crazy; therefore, I say, my friend, look out for some tight frigate, and take the command; but be sure always keep plenty of sea room, and your vessel in sailing trim, and then you may expect a pleasant voyage." As the day was fine, we proposed an aquatic excursion up the Forth, to a village where the citizens of

all ranks occasionally repair in the summer season, for an afternoon's airing; and, escaping from smoke and noise, enjoy "each rural sight, each rural sound." Here we had a rustic dinner, and were taking a walk previous to our return, when we met a posse of constables conducting two men, both of whom were hand-cuffed. In passing them, I discovered, with horror, that one of them was Smith, my worthless brother-in-law. Before I had resolved whether to stop or pass on, I felt an irresistible impulse to halt; and I uttered an involuntary exclamation, which indicated a previous acquaintance with at least one of them.

My friends observing it, drew me aside, to inquire the meaning of my agitation; and the poor wretch called out, entreating that I would do him the favour to speak with him.

Without replying, I stopped the constables, and inquired the reason of their being arrested: they replied, that they were apprehended upon suspicion of theft. Being about to leave them with disgust, the

worthless Smith cried, "Sir, I am ashamed to address you, and am also aware, that you have no great cause to credit my assertions; still, however, I affirm, that both I and my unfortunate companion are innocent of what we are now charged with; and although I am unworthy of your favour, yet your friendship, or that of the gentlemen with you, might be of incalculable advantage to us; and, be assured, we are not guilty of theft." Conceiving it both justice and sound policy to be candid with my friends, I requested, as a favour, that they would visit the culprits with me in the evening, for reasons which I should explain immediately: to this they readily agreed, and we continued our walk. I then stated my connexion with the poor wretch whom we had just quitted, and his previous behaviour; at the same time expressing my opinion, that, depraved as I knew him to be, yet I did not believe that he would be guilty of theft. They entered warmly into my feelings, and, at the time appointed, we

called at the jail; and, when we were shut up with him and his companion, he thus related the circumstances of their story, addressing himself particularly to me.

"It is unnecessary to mention those particulars already known to you. I have been a spendthrift, a bankrupt, a drunkard, and a blackguard; but not a thief. My companion and I have, for a considerable time past, been concerned in the smuggling trade. Some days ago, a smuggling lugger appeared on the east coast, where we then were, and we went on board in the way of our business; but the lugger being descried by a revenue cutter, was chased by her, and taken, after a desperate resistance, and brought up to Leith. All on board were hurried to prison; but, during the bustle at the prison door (it being the dusk of the evening, and a thick fog), we contrived to escape; and the crowd knowing our crime, which they certainly look upon with less detestation than many other violations of the law, made way, and allowed us to pass

through. We had got to a considerable distance, but were pursued, and obliged to take shelter in a field of wheat. This field being contiguous to the public road, we durst not venture out, but lay there for three days, contriving to live upon the ears of wheat. We had suffered much from thirst; but were this morning congratulating ourselves that we should escape at night (the bustle of search being, as we supposed, slackened), when we heard a confusion of voices, and soon discovered that a number of people were searching the field where we lay. Last night, it seems, a gentleman's house in the vicinity of Edinburgh was broken into, and considerable property carried off; particularly, a large quantity of wet linen from the bleaching. This was found in the field where we had concealed ourselves, which caused a more vigilant search, in the hope of discovering the rest of the property. The track by which we had entered the field was observed, and, following it, we were soon discovered, and appre-

hended as the thieves. Although, it must be admitted, the presumption of our guilt is very strong, yet, what I have now related, is the candid and simple truth. Still we have at best, only the option of being tried as thieves or smugglers. Now, although I were fully convinced that I must suffer death, I would much rather be hanged for smuggling than stealing. I have no claim upon your kindness; on the contrary, with shame I acknowlege, Sir, that I have not only forfeited your regard, but have given you much and just cause for being my personal enemy; yet, from my knowledge of your disposition, I throw myself upon your humanity, humbly soliciting your advice, and any interest you can exert for my advantage. You may rely with the fullest confidence upon the truth of what I have now said; for although my conduct has been bad, very bad indeed, which I sincerely acknowledge, and though I deserve to be expelled from society, still it is painful to reflect, that I must bear a load of ignominy and punish-

ment, for a crime that I never committed, or even contemplated."

After promising to take their case into consideration, we left them. I must acknowledge, that personal considerations influenced me; as I could not dismiss the reflection, that I was indirectly disgraced, if any one connected with my family should suffer as a thief; and I was indeed of Smith's opinion, that, compared with theft, smuggling was a less degrading crime. Such are the prejudices of society, that some infractions of the law are attended with a slighter degree of opprobrium, than others of perhaps equal magnitude—

> "One murder makes a villain; millions a hero,—
> And numbers sanctify the crime."

We consulted counsel on this subject; and the opinion given us was, that, not being a part of the crew, if it could be proved that they had not fought, during the engagement with the cutter, they might get off by entering into the navy:—but how were they

to prove their innocence of the theft laid to their charge?

To conclude their story;—although several weeks elapsed before it was settled, the thieves were discovered, and convicted of the crime; and they had still so much honesty left, as to exculpate the two smugglers from any concern in the transaction. The smugglers had therefore only to be tried for the crime of which they were really guilty, and were, upon their own petition, discharged, on condition of serving in his Majesty's navy. When delivered over to a naval officer, Smith was allowed to walk off with him; but an officer of the law immediately apprehended the other upon a new charge.

This person was the reforming schoolmaster, whose achievements I have already recorded. One of his constituents, whom he had swindled out of a considerable sum, and whose daughter he had seduced, as already related, had some time before this obtained information of his imprisonment, and being

much exasperated against him, he only waited the issue of the law; being, in the event of his liberation, fully prepared to gratify his resentment, which he now did, by apprehending him for the debt. Other creditors also came forward with their claims, but his property having previously been lost, he had not even the means of offering a *composition*. The two men, whose daughters had been seduced, were inexorable; declaring, that although they could have excused his insolvency, yet the abuse of their confidence and kindness, in committing the crime of seduction, under such aggravated circumstances, they would never forgive; therefore he should lie there till either he or they died.

One day, previous to Colonel and Mrs Maitland leaving us, when we were to dine *en famille* with Mr Belfield, Mrs Maitland began to banter me about marriage; in which she was joined by Mrs Belfield, and both ladies became quite in earnest on the subject. I wished to evade speaking on that

topic; but it was kept up, by the gentlemen joining in the conversation. They addressed me seriously, observing, that, in all probability, marriage would add to my comforts; and, assuring me, of what I had no cause to doubt, that they all felt a warm interest in my happiness. "Now," said the Colonel, "we have begun to suspect, that your limited income prevents you from following your inclinations, and thereby lessens your proportion of human felicity. We, therefore, as your confidential friends, beg that you will be quite candid, and say, whether, if your income were adequate, you would marry: be assured, that this inquiry is not made to gratify idle curiosity. If you can only say to us that it is your wish to marry, it will give us a most sincere pleasure to promote your wishes, in as far as a comfortable settlement is concerned; and, on the day of your marriage, a bond for an annuity for life shall be put into the hands of your bride."

The subject of this conversation awaken-

ed feelings within me, which had long been productive of mingled pleasure and pain. With these were blended a sense of gratitude, for kindness which seemed to have no bounds. I was for some moments overpowered, and the sensation was truly oppressive: at length I recovered myself, and roused into an energy, of which I was hardly aware, I thus replied:

"My much respected friends, the gratitude that I feel for all your kindness, I will not attempt to express, for language is inadequate, and there was no occasion for this additional proof of your kind anxiety to promote my happiness. Yet, while I am well satisfied of your readiness to do all that you have proffered, do not be offended with me, when I say, that even were I to marry (which will never be the case), I would not, could not, accept of the favour you propose. No, my dear friends, my obligations here are already heavy enough; such an addition would defeat your benevolent intentions, by rendering me unhappy. Do not, there-

fore, destroy my present felicity, by seeking to increase it. I enjoy all the happiness that this world can afford me, ease, health, a competence, and friendship. I earnestly solicit the continuance of your esteem; and, while I feel myself blessed in your affections, I am well aware that you are enjoying a bliss in which I can never participate. No; there lives not on earth one capable of imparting to me that happiness which I am well convinced you enjoy, and all the tenderness that I can now feel for woman, is that pure and hallowed friendship which I claim, dear ladies, with you. Equally pure and refined, yet different in its nature, was the flame that I once felt and fondly cherished; for, although without hope, it was the solace of my soul; and the remembrance still affords me that kind of melancholy pleasure, which every other enjoyment on earth could not induce me to forego!"

On concluding, I fancied that a glance of approbation lighted up the eyes of Mrs Maitland. However, they all agreed in

saying, that they would never again allude to the subject; but although they were persuaded that I was incapable of renouncing such thoughts, they earnestly advised me against indulging them.

CHAPTER XXIV

Here his poor bird, th' inhuman Cocker brings,
Arms his hard heel, and clips his golden wings;
With spicy food th' impatient spirit feeds,
And shouts and curses as the battle bleeds.
When fallen, the savage grasps his dappled plumes,
His blood-stained arms for other deaths assumes;
And damns the Craven fowl, that lost his stake,
And only bled and perished for his sake.

CRABBE.

COLONEL and Mrs Maitland had now taken their leave, after having exacted a promise from me, that I should make a visit to Wales next season. The harvest vacation for the school being past, my labours were resumed; and having a little more leisure for reflection, I again perused my letter from America, which, with the enclosed draft, had been laid aside. I felt an insuperable reluctance to accept of this money, to which I had no right, particularly as I was

in such circumstances as to have no occasion for pecuniary assistance; but, persuaded that my refusal would materially hurt the feelings of the donor, I scarcely knew how to act. It was undoubtedly gratitude that prompted him to make this return for my kindness; and, perhaps, his former situation had left some impressions upon his mind, which he wished to remove; therefore, it appeared probable, that my refusal might be considered as an intimation, that although I had served him, I would neither esteem him, nor admit him to my friendship. After much deliberation, I resolved to pay the money to his brother Roger, whose family was now increasing, and who had indeed more occasion for assistance than I had. But when I proposed this to Roger, he in the most peremptory manner refused to accept of it. Upon seeing me equally obstinate, he seemed much hurt, and with some degree of concern, said: "Well, will you refer it to the decision of our friend, my master?" I agreed to this, and Roger took an early opportunity of

stating the case to him, concluding with this powerful argument: "If this draft be peremptorily refused, I must certainly conclude that my brother, although forgiven, is still degraded, and held unworthy of the esteem of good men; and farther, as his relation, I must consider myself so far implicated in his disgrace, and, consequently, deprived of the kindness of that benevolent friend, with whom I did not think it possible that I could ever be offended." These sentiments of Roger's, and the degree of agitation with which they were expressed, determined Mr Belfield; and he gave his decision, that I should retain the money. On hearing this, the poor fellow's face brightened as if he had acquired a fortune; I was therefore obliged to comply, and promised to write to his brother in a few days.

In a short time after this, Roger received a letter from his youngest sister, which he shewed to me, informing him, that she was to be married to a tradesman. I contrived to find out her address, and, taking an early opportunity of getting cash for my

draft, with which I purchased another, I remitted it to her as a marriage portion. Knowing that Roger would hear of this, and that it might produce uneasiness to his delicate mind, I told him soon after; at the same time assuring him, that if ever I felt myself in want, I would most willingly apply to his brother; and thus the matter was settled.

In the course of the winter, my friend, Mr Belfield, was made the happy father of a fine boy; and Mrs Belfield, now a mother, took additional interest in the benevolent schemes which she had contemplated to forward the education of poor children.

Some weeks before Christmas, Mrs Belfield told me that she was anxious to get a few of those children introduced, but was averse to load me with any additional labour, and did not wish to disoblige the tenants, by depriving any of their children of the benefit of my tuition: To oblige Mrs Belfield, I would have submitted to a much greater infringement upon my plans, indeed to any measure consistent

with my duty to the other pupils. She requested me to let things go on as they were during the winter, while she would re-revolve the matter in her mind, and determine by the return of spring.

Every one knows, that, at most of the parish schools, a match of cocks is fought at Shrovetide, or, as it is vulgarly called, Fasten's Even, and that each pupil furnishes a feathered hero for the occasion.

When, how, or under what pretences, this anomaly, not to say absurdity in the education of children, crept into schools, I cannot determine. The practice had for many years appeared to me so absurd, that I was determined, should I ever be a schoolmaster, not to allow it, upon any pretence whatever.

In teaching my scholars, I always endeavoured to address myself to their hearts, as well as their heads; and, in so far as they were capable of comprehending me, took every opportunity of instilling into their minds the principles of veracity, justice, and mercy; forbidding acts of cruelty

to any creature possessing animal life. Cock-fighting I considered in direct opposition to my precepts, and therefore determined that the practical lesson of a day should never, with my consent, counteract, or destroy my labours for a season.

An application being made to me, by some of my grown up pupils, to know when the cock-fighting was to take place, I saw that my reply gave much disappointment. Soon after I was invited to spend the evening with a party of my employers, and the application was renewed by them in behalf of their children. I again stated my objections, and endeavoured to reason them into my opinion. The debate on the subject was long, and even keenly discussed; but although they became silent, I saw they were not satisfied, and witnessed the truth of Butler's observation:

> "He that's convinced against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still."

The result was, that we parted, I suspect

with rather a worse impression of each other than when we met.

In consequence of my refusal to indulge either my pupils or their parents in this barbarous amusement, they made an appointment to meet and fight their cocks at a neighbouring inn.

The feats of that important day, constituting a kind of era in a country village, were celebrated in a mock heroic style, by a young man of some literary pretensions. I was so pleased with his description, as a humorous burlesque on an amusement, which would certainly be "more honoured in the breach than the observence," that I insert it here, with only the slight alteration, of substituting for events and heroes, which then attracted the public attention, more recent warriors and triumphs, whose splendour has eclipsed all former glory.

"They crowd to the scene of action (Jonathan Jollie's malt-barn floor); the field is cleared; and the dreadful conflict begins. The combatants are placed against each other by lot, and most unequal matches

were the result. The first pair who entered the arena had never seen a battle, much less shed their blood on the warlike field. Like raw recruits, accustomed to the drum and fife only at parades and reviews, they had strutted on their native dunghills, and heard the echo of a rival's voice, to which they gave a response, accompanied by the quacking of ducks and the cackling of all the hens in the haram. Now that they have met, their bosoms beat with youthful ardour; not like two apprentices, who, imitating the follies of the great, challenge one another to a duel, and when met, would both retreat, if either of them set the example. Not so these youthful heroes; the feathers on their necks are ruffled—they fly at each other—blood is shed—and the conflict becomes more furious. Their want of skill is supplied by native ardour—they strike with head and heels—breathe, and strike again; at last, like generous Englishmen, who box each other from pure good will, they resign the contest as it were by mutual consent.

"Next appears an ill-matched pair—a bird

of game and a dunghill craven: the first paces the floor with martial strut and war-like air, shakes his plumes, and looks with proud disdain upon his trembling antagonist, who droops his head, while his feathers collapse close around him; he eyes his enemy askance, and, recreant like, runs round the pit to avoid meeting him; then, as the last effort of despairing pusillanimity, gains a retreat behind the spectators.

"Now comes forth a veteran, who had fought many a campaign—his rival, a youthful hero, whose prowess had been tried only with a stripling like himself, hatched in the same nest, and bred in the same barn-yard. In this mockery of war, neither had ever felt the sentiment of "victory or death!" Now the veteran views this young unseasoned warrior with disdain, nearly allied to contempt, indicating that he was a chicken, below a hero's notice. At length he darts an indignant stroke, intended to drive the cadet from the field——it is returned——a dreadful conflict ensues,—they fight—fall—rise and fight again;—skill is on the vete-

ran's side, but dauntless courage shakes the youthful warrior's glossy plumes. Both are strangers to fear, although experience has rendered the one cautious, while the other rushes on the charge with all the ardour and temerity of youth. Heedless of danger, he precipitates himself upon the foe, and meets the stroke that prudence would have avoided—wounded severely, breathless and overcome, he makes a desperate but feeble attack upon his antagonist, and falls lifeless on the bed of honour.

"There is a sympathy in nature, that impels her creatures to mingle in the scenes before them. War and all its horrors reigned in this hitherto peaceful region; and so anxious were the intended gladiators to join the carnage, that they pecked and struck at each other, as they sat on the laps of their owners. Cowardice was banished from every heart, and every breast heaved with the exultation of anticipated victory. During four long hours, many were the victims of war. The dead and dying were carried off the field, to make room for

others; for the eyes of the sanguinary spectators were not yet glutted with this scene of savage barbarity.

"As on Marengo's field, or Leipsic's plain, many a valiant hero fought and fell undistinguished; so here, the martial achievements of many a feathered warrior must sink unrecorded. But on every well contested field, there are some whose deeds are so conspicuous, that our innate love of valour rescues them from oblivion. Such was now the case—a couple of heroes took their post on the floor of blood, whose matchless prowess, and deeds of might, merit a place in the records of fame, and deserve an abler historian.

"Not greater anxiety did Bonaparte feel at the battle of Waterloo, when the fate of Europe depended on its termination, than was depicted on the countenance of Dick Clover, when he placed his hero on the floor. Sprung from a magnanimous and warlike race, whose blood is warmed by the fervours of a tropical sun, he claimed to be of Malayan extraction. Fierce and cruel

in his disposition, a blow was never forgiven; he had been accustomed to fight, but knew not what it was to retreat. Repeated victories had increased his pride, and, like some of his brother bipeds, he believed himself invincible. Black were his plumes, as the fur of the sable, and glossy as the raven's jetty wing. Majestic was his stature, and proudly did he lift his head, as he looked around, while the glance of scorn flashed from his eyes. Hard and heavy were his heels, and death was in their strokes; but his leader, to fit him for deeds of murder, had armed them with steel, that none might meet him with impunity.

To oppose him in the field, came forth a warrior, under the protection of Peter Anvil. No foreign blood flowed in his veins, but courage and fortitude were the characteristics of his family. Purple, orange, indigo, and white, mingled their shades with infinite variety, to give lustre to his vesture. The dignity of his air added to the elegance of his external appearance; never was more of beauty and majesty blended; and, like

the splendid garments of the eastern monarch's soldiers, they excited a sigh of regret, that plumes of such exquisite richness should be stained with blood. As they entered the floor, every eye was fixed, and every tongue was hushed in silence. They rushed upon each other with impetuosity; fierce was their onset, and desperate the conflict; feathers bestrewed the floor, and blood sprung around. The delight of the spectators increased with the fury of the combatants; a burst of transport went round the pit. Bets were laid—two to one—three to one—all were interested in the carnage, and impatient for its issue. Guineas were sported by the farmers; crowns and half-crowns by the more cautious mechanics; while the motley mass of spectators confined their bettings to gills or half-mutchkins of whisky toddy.

"Now the hero in black, with his armour of steel, like Napoleon's Cuirassiers, seems to drive all before him. Anon, the speckled champion, like a Scotch Highlander clad in his native tartan, fetches a stroke

that makes his antagonist reel. Anxiety dwells on every countenance, impatience sparkles in every eye, when the steel mounted warrior, by a well-aimed stroke, lays his party-coloured antagonist apparently lifeless on the floor.

"As when Wellington's heroes set up a 'Hurra!' that made the heart of every Frenchman collapse, like a bladder, when an idle boy expels its internal air;—such was the shout now heard, and which nearly rent the roof of Jonathan's barn: but being recently built, and, of good materials, it stood the shock, although the thatch was rumpled on the roof; and the proprietor has often affirmed, that previous to this event, his establishment was over-run with rats and mice; but since that memorable exertion of lungs, not one has ever infested the premises.

"Fate had not yet done tantalizing those, who were so deeply interested in this most arduous and protracted conflict. Scarce had the echo of the premature shout of victory died upon the ear; the cobwebs pendent from

the roof were still fluttering from the repercussion of the air; when the speckled chieftain rose, shook his ensanguined plumes, and looked calmly round him. His haughty rival stood at a slight distance, clapping his wings,

"Pride in his port, defiance in his eye."

Indignation warmed the breast of the discomfited warrior, and in the very moment that the fancied victor opened his mouth to sing, "Io triumphe!" the heel of his antagonist struck him in the throat, and checked in its passage the note of self-applause.

"Rage, redoubled by disappointment, now fired the hero in black; he stood to the charge, and, by a dexterous manœuvre with his spur of polished steel, one of his rival's orbs of vision was buried in eternal darkness. Such was the fury by which the weapon was impelled, that it sprung from the leg of its owner, hissed across the house like an arrow, and stuck in the breech of a cow boy, who sat upon the rafters.

"Still the battle rages: betts are doubled,

wings flutter, limbs dart, and beak meets beak. The unfortunate half-blind hero receives another stroke on his remaining eye, it flashes a momentary gleam, fierce as the lightning, and closes in everlasting shade.

"Breathless, but not vanquished, he sunk on the floor, and death seemed hovering over that devoted head, from which the cheerful light was forever banished. Again the adherents of the sable champion began to wake the shout of victory, when its starting note roused his prostrate foe. Like another Polyphemus groping in his den, slowly he traversed the pit in quest of his enemy; he raised his head to listen for the steps of him whom he could no longer behold. Again they meet, and blows are dealt with redoubled fury. The sightless warrior sometimes misses his stroke; but still he fights with one advantage—he shrinks not from danger which he no longer perceives. For a moment they pause, as if to call forth all their strength—expectation is on the rack, and anxious crowds gaze in breathless solicitude. Here an eye beams bright with

hope; there the corners of a mouth are curved in the wrinkles of despair. Again the combatants meet, strike, and retreat; at last they come against each other with a shock, the impetus of which lays them both lifeless on the floor. Bets are still laid, not on the victor, but that they will yet rise and renew the horrid carnage.—It cannot be, for

"All is still on Death's devoted soil."

"The vital sparks have fled, and they who just before seemed inspired with interminable rage, now lie stretched beside each other in lasting repose, and far more calmly than ever they slumbered on the roost with the favourite females of their seraglios.

"So must the proudest hero of the human species rest. A few feet more of earth will serve for his peaceful bed—his laurels may flourish a little longer—the trumpet of Fame, as it repeats his name, may waken echoes at a greater distance:—his deeds of devastation and human carnage may shine in song, and his name be blazoned on a page, that shall live when the heroes of my humble tale

are forgotten. But on the theatre of the universe, amidst the immensity of Nature, how trivial is the difference between the cock-pit and the plains of Austerlitz! and how unimportant are a few centuries, more or less, of sublunary fame, when compared with Eternity!

"Of all the feathered warriors assembled on this eventful day, only three had shewed an aversion from appearing on the field of strife. However, by flying from danger, they rushed upon inevitable destruction; for they immediately suffered an ignominious death; and after being immolated, were exhibited to public view, as unworthy longer to live in a society which their cowardice had disgraced. Of the rest, not one had retired from the scene of action without obvious marks, and painful recollections, of the service in which he had been engaged.

"Some had lost an eye; others had broken wings; their plumage was stript off; their limbs and wounds were now sore and stiff with fatigue and clotted blood.—Yet such was the spirit of their masters, that they

were again brought forth to afford them sport; again they were placed in the pit, not in pairs, but old and young, veteran and raw recruit, in one promiscuous crowd, where they fought *pele mele*, tearing open their closing wounds, to the great delight of the spectators, who termed this a battle royal, and expressed great satisfaction in this humane and rational amusement.

"The dead, the dying, and the wounded, were now removed from the scene of action; and those who had set them on, forgetful of all their sufferings, exhibited an apathy similar to the general at the siege of Fredericksball, who, after a bullet from an unknown hand had levelled his hot-brained master, Charles XII., coolly said, 'My lads, the play is over, let us go to supper!'

"An emigration now took place, from the malt-barn to Jonathan's dining-room; and, as if their ferocious spirits were not yet satiated, they determined to imitate the rudest barbarians, by feasting on the victims of the day.

"The feast of sculls (as it might be termed)

was spread, the victims were devoured, and their bones lay scattered around. All discussion of the feats so lately performed, had been suspended by the pleasures of mastication. Now that the table was cleared, and a bowl of rum punch smoking before them, many were the betts to be decided, and difficult to be adjusted were the claims for martial honour. Among these last, the most dubious were, those of the black champion and the speckled warrior.

"The point seemed to turn upon these two things, which of the two gave the last stroke, or fell first on the floor; and here there was a considerable difference of opinion. A great majority affirmed, that they rushed forward and met each other—that the shock of their collision produced immediate death to both, and that at the same instant they lay lifeless on the floor. But there were a few, who, either from observing more keenly, or being interested in the catastrophe, were of a different opinion. One affirmed, that the black hero made the greatest progress in his advance to meet the

enemy—that he came up in quick march, while the other advanced in slow time; hence it was evident, that, allowing that they had both started at the same instant, one shewed more eagerness for the fight than the other.

"Another asserted, that the party-coloured warrior gave the last stroke. A third, that the champion in armour only fell in consequence of his antagonist tumbling over him, when no longer able to stand. Disputes were multiplied, and "of their wrangling seemed no end."

"Some writers on the human constitution have affirmed, that both body and mind are influenced by the nature of the aliment taken into the stomach. Be this as it may, the doctrine appeared plausible enough on the present occasion; for, as the arguments were protracted, the wrath of the parties increased. From high words, threats followed; gesticulations succeeded, which were answered with proud defiance. At length, as if the spirits of the murdered warriors had been inhaled by the company, and incorporated into their sys-

tem, they all at once proceeded to blows. The combatants were arranging themselves on different sides, and preparing for a regular systematic action, for as yet it had been only slight skirmishing among some of their leaders, particularly Clover senior and old Anvil; the different allies had begun to fall in, and a few missile weapons had been played off, when a bottle, aimed at Anvil's head, took the candle in its way, and lodged it in the pocket of Tom the joiner, who happening to have a small quantity of gunpowder there, in a piece of brown paper, the said powder, now, in imitation of the company, burst forth in a blaze; but luckily did no serious harm, further than singeing Tom's whiskers; unless we add a contingency, of which it was doubtless the occasion, namely, that Arthur Clod, in his hurry to escape from the blaze, attempted to jump on the table, but coming short, stript the skin from his shins, and overset the table; by which accident, a large decanter of water was thrown topsy-turvy, and the contents, by the law of gravity, descended on the floor; but in its

passage, a very considerable quantity lodged in the small-clothes of a lusty farmer, who sat contiguous. Its temperature being rather beyond blood heat, produced him no small uneasiness; but the present was not a time to make noise about a trifle. When the table was overturned, the remaining candle went along with it, and being unaccustomed to burn on the floor, in a horizontal position, it went out in a pet.

" All was now dark, but still the battle raged with unremitted fury; the missile weapons were on the floor, and several of the company lay beside them. Blows were dealt at random, and few of them fell ineffectual. Some, who still kept on their legs, endeavoured to get out, and when obstructed in their egress, laid about them lustily. Several dogs were in the room, who, more sagacious than their masters, had hitherto preserved a placid disposition; but, amidst the din of arms, some one trode on the paw of a mastiff, with no gentle pressure; he growled resentment—it was echoed by another, and a canine battle commenced.

Those who lay on the floor still kept up the *row*: they kicked, pinched, scratched, pulled hair, bit noses, and boxed at random: clothes were torn, hats tossed on the fire; execrations were uttered, or rather bellowed; dogs howled, and every moment produced, 'confusion worse confounded.' A sly old fellow, an excise-officer, who sat in a corner, and had hitherto taken no part, thinking it wrong to be idle when every one was so actively employed, and recollecting the proverb, that 'water separates dogs,' snatched the kettle from the side of the fire, and, guessing from the uproar where the crowd were sprawling thickest, discharged its contents among them. The passage out was now clear, some ran, others walked, and not a few crawled out upon all-fours. The landlord, hitherto afraid to enter, came with lights: hats, bonnets, wigs, shoes, &c. were wanting, some torn, some burnt; decanters, bottles, glasses, &c. strewed the floor: black eyes, bloody noses, and wounded cheeks, bespoke the valour of the combatants. One had a dislocated thumb, and another had left

a couple of his fore-teeth on the field of battle.

"They had just concluded a truce, when Fame, having already spread the report of the battle from one end of the village to the other, men, women, and children, collected, and besieged the doors of the inn; some alarmed for their husbands, others for their sons, and not a few wishing to enjoy the fun. Among the first who arrived, was Mrs Anvil, whose husband and son were both engaged;—an Amazon in strength and courage, and a Xantippe in clamour and volubility of tongue. She entered the house before hostilities had fairly ceased between her loving spouse and Clover senior: her husband was bleeding profusely at the nose, and the blood, diffusing itself over a beard, bushy, black, and nearly of a week's growth, rendered his appearance ruefully picturesque. His brawny fist was clenched opposite to Clover's teeth; when, with the fury of a tigress, his wife sprung upon the hapless farmer, indenting his cheeks with her talons, and closing the attack with a most redoubt-

able blow on his mouth, which had the immediate effect of exhibiting his face in the same colour as that of Anvil.

" Obstreperous din, scolding, clamour, crying, and hysterics, now had the effect of recalling the scattered senses of the combatants; who united their powers of rhetoric in persuading the females to withdraw. Most of them took the hint; but Mrs Anvil, determined to enjoy—what she conceived a woman's privilege—scolding, began to exercise her lungs, much to the amusement of the mob. Her husband first entreated, and then commanded her to be silent and withdraw, which only tended to increase her foul-mouthed vociferation. Honest Vulcan, justly offended with this contempt of conjugal authority, seized her in his arms, carried her to a pond at a small distance, and soused her over head and ears; when she lifted her head, he asked if she was now willing to walk home quietly, assuring her she should lie there till she gave her consent. A few minutes cooled down her wrath; her husband assisted her to rise;

and she walked off in sullen silence. The mob were prevailed upon to disperse, and the company separated soon after."

The human mind is a compound of most heterogeneous principles. Had any one accused me of feeling pleasure in the sufferings or misfortunes of my fellow-creatures, or even of being negligent or indifferent in my endeavours to promote the happiness of my species, my heart would have warranted me in denying the charge. Yet candour obliges me here to confess, that the foregoing circumstances, when related, gave me no real concern; perhaps, I was not sorry to hear them. And I could not refrain from saying to myself, "Well, this comes of despising my advice!"

CHAPTER XXV.

He who could make two blades of grass, or two ears of corn, to grow upon a spot where only one grew before, would deserve better of his country, and do more essential service to mankind, than the whole race of politicians put together.

ANONYMOUS.

NEXT morning, when my pupils collected, I observed in the greater part of them a kind of gloomy reserve, which was succeeded by secret whisperings; and at noon, they mixed not as usual, but separated into parties. Had I not been acquainted with the circumstances, I should have anticipated a mutiny against my authority; but, at present, there was no doubt that it resulted from the events of the preceding day: and although I was afraid that unpleasant consequences might follow, I knew not how to

interfere, or adopt any measure to prevent them.

On the subsequent morning, the storm appeared to lower still more deeply. Boys in the same class stood up together with evident reluctance, and latent wrath seemed rankling in their bosoms. As the lads were grown up, I became alarmed for the consequences, and resolved to inform their parents in the evening; but the event anticipated my intentions. No sooner were they dismissed at noon, than they adjourned to a little glen surrounded with coppice wood, and there a most obstinate and desperate conflict took place. Not fewer than a dozen were engaged, and of these, every one brought back evident marks of the fray. Two were so much injured, as to be incapable of leaving the scene of action without assistance.

I was now placed in a very disagreeable situation. It became necessary to inform their parents immediately, and this was to rake up the smothered fire, which, although it had ceased to blaze, was not yet

extinguished. The parents of the boys principally concerned were brought, and a surgeon was procured for the wounded; one of whom had his arm dislocated at the shoulder, and the other was severely bruised, and had several ribs broken. Contusions on the head, black eyes, &c. were among the most trivial consequences of this juvenile quarrel.

When the fathers arrived, it would have been very difficult to define their feelings. Shame, rage, and sorrow, appeared so blended, that a spectator would have been at some loss whether to scorn or pity them.

My situation was peculiarly delicate. When appealed to, therefore, I endeavoured to convince them, that resentment had proceeded too far already, and begged them mutually to forbear and forgive, as it was the best way for all parties, to let the whole business sink into oblivion. But, alas! this was no easy task: the two boys who were severely hurt, were the sons of those who had been most violent on opposite sides, and interminable hatred seemed now to be the probable result.

The parents not only continued to nurse their rancorous animosity against each other; but also endeavoured to instil the same unrelenting principles into their children. Ever anxious to justify themselves, they had even been heard to say, that had I allowed them to have fought their cocks at school, what followed in the present case would not have happened. They never insinuated this to me; neither did they ever express their regret at not following my advice; although it was obvious, that they keenly felt both shame and regret for having rejected it. As none had the candour to acknowledge himself in the wrong, or make the first step towards reconciliation, the social happiness that had subsisted in their little circle was interrupted, and almost destroyed, by pride and mistaken independence of mind. In consequence of this quarrel, not fewer than ten of my pupils were withdrawn from school, and their hatred cherished and kept alive by their parents, who, instead of being ashamed of their own conduct by this procedure, took the surest means

of propagating their resentment among their children.

Both Mr Belfield and I seriously regretted this misunderstanding among his tenants, who had hitherto lived in a state of social neighbourhood, which was calculated to add to their own happiness, and that of their benevolent landlord; however, there appeared no remedy for their animosity but time, and we resolved to interfere no further in the matter. Mrs Belfield observed, that, like every other physical or moral evil in the world, the present *fracas* had its concomitant good; as it would now render her plan of educating poor children more practicable. She therefore proposed to her husband, that he should allow her to select a certain number of pupils from his tenantry, the expense of whose education she would defray from the pin-money which he allowed her; trusting that he would use his friendly efforts in getting them forward in life, according to their age and abilities. Never were two minds more congenial in their endeavours to be useful

in society, and to promote the happiness of their fellow-creatures. Mr Belfield most cheerfully coincided with this scheme, and requested, that it might be set about immediately.

Here it may naturally be asked, Since Mr Belfield was so benevolent a man, and so kind a master, why did his tenants require to have their children educated as paupers? In reply to this question, I may observe, that among the present improvements in agriculture, large farms are reckoned one of the most important. In Mr Belfield's neighbourhood, but not upon his estate, a tolerably extensive village had been depopulated, not to form a lawn around the proprietor's house, but to complete the plan of an extensive farm, which was let at a high rent to a speculating tenant; and many of the inhabitants of this "sweet Auburn," had sought a refuge in boroughs, where they "were doom-to ply their sickly trade." A few, with large families, who had been nursed amidst the healthy breezes of the plain, were averse from being shut up in the dark lanes and

damp cellars of a town; and as Mr Belfield had on his estate a heath, of from one to two hundred acres in extent, some of them waited upon him, with proposals to rent a few acres, and to build a cottage upon it, as a resting-place in that quarter of the country, which was endeared to them by local associations. Mr Belfield being one of those who deem

"A bold peasantry a country's pride,"

immediately took their proposals into consideration, and then offered to parcel out the heath among them on the following terms:

That every settler should have ten acres of heath, rent free, for ten years; that a cottage should be erected thereon, at the landlord's expense, the cottager or tenant paying a rent for the said cottage, equal to the interest of the money expended on its erection: the rent was in no case to exceed twenty shillings Sterling, and if barn and byre were included, forty shillings Sterling.

As Mr Belfield had stone and lime quarries, and timber, upon his estate, he could

erect the cottages at a very moderate expense; but if the tenant chose to build at his own expense, he furnished him with the materials for nothing. If, at the end of ten years, the tenant had brought five acres into good cultivation, he got a lease for other ten, at the rate of five shillings an acre for the whole, exclusive of the rent of his dwelling-house and offices; but, on the other hand, if the tenant was found to be indolent, turbulent, or in other respects a bad tenant or neighbour, and his land not improved, the landlord might turn him out at the end of five years.

As the terms were considered favourable, agreements had been made in a few months for ten cottages, all of which were erected in the course of the first summer. One man offered to take the remainder of the heath (about sixty acres), at even higher terms, which Mr Belfield declined; acknowledging, that he was an enthusiast in his scheme, and would adhere to his original plan, as he wished to see a healthy and, if possible, a happy population around him.

The new tenants had doubtless some difficulties to struggle with, before they could make sufficient progress, to enable them to reap the benefit of their leases, which their benevolent landlord saw, and assisted them much. They were also furnished with lime for manure; and Mr Belfield acknowledged, that he was, with few exceptions, regularly paid. As he had a trenching-plough on his grounds, his servants and horses were sent to assist with it, at the seasons best suited for its application: and, in proportion as he saw industry exerted, he was ready to give encouragement and assistance.

In the course of the third year, the whole ground was under lease, and the earliest tenants, in general, thriving; their difficulties, although not over, were lessening every season. Thirlage and bondage were terms not to be found in their leases. Their time was their own, and they were bound for no service whatever to the landlord. Among them there was a mason, a house-carpenter, a blacksmith, and some labourers, who always

found plenty of employment. Indeed, Mr Belfield's service always got the preference, if he had occasion for them; for, they considered him rather as a father than a landlord.

The period which I am describing, was only the fourth year from the first erections, and there were from thirty to forty acres under crop, all in tolerable cultivation.

These cottages were built upon a uniform plan, which produced an emulation among the tenants, who should keep his establishment in the best and neatest order. Their little gardens were well fenced, and stocked, not only with what was useful, but occasionally with what was ornamental. The woodbine and the Ayrshire rose, climbing up the walls and twining round their windows, gave the passenger an idea of cheerfulness and comfort within. If Mr Belfield ever seemed proud of his own plans or actions, it was of this; for he would often invite me to walk that way, and I have observed a rich glow tinge his cheek, while he looked around with delight on the

scene before him. He called at the houses; went often in, and complimented the housewives upon the cleanliness and neatness of their apartments. "Well," he would say, "is not this better than emigrating to America? Why should Caledonia's children be forced to leave their native land, while there are so many barren wastes and uncultivated fields at home? Scotchmen are not naturally an indolent race! Convince them that their labour will not be in vain, and their industry will be exerted. I know there are some landlords who say, that by letting their waste lands in small glebes, they are only nursing up a nest of paupers: but the fault is their own; as they insist upon rents which all the industry of the tenant can never enable him to pay, and they exercise no discrimination in choosing their tenants, among whom are always to be found some that are indolent, reckless, and improvident, in whatever situation they may be placed. Such should not be admitted as settlers, for there is a contagion in their example. Even the man who is sober

and industrious, if he find that his best exertions are insufficient, will become listless and indifferent. Suppose now, that this ground had been let, at the present terms, by a factor whose constituent resided in England, and who had neither the power nor inclination to render the tenants any assistance, would they have been in as comfortable circumstances, or their little fields in such order? Even the approving smile of a master inspires the tenant with hope and additional vigour; but his friendly aid, timeously, although cautiously, administered, strengthens the arm, and braces the sinews of labour. The love of independence glows in almost every breast, and few will stoop to beggary, until they believe that every more respectable resource is cut off.

"The formation of habit is every thing. Industry will do much; but frugality must superintend, to make her exertions efficient. For this reason it is an express stipulation in the leases of these tenants, that none of them shall keep a

tippling-house. Perhaps you are not aware, that at present there is only one, Jonathan Jollie's, on all my estate; and if I renew his lease, he must keep such a house no longer."

With sentiments like these, it was impossible for Mr Belfield to be an oppressive landlord. Although none of his tenants were literally paupers, yet, with a less benevolent and indulgent landlord many of them would have been so; and it was from their families that Mrs Belfield proposed taking her charity scholars. She managed this with so kind and gentle an address, that the parents felt the obligation, without the humiliating consciousness of receiving charity, and her pupils were selected from those families to which her kindness was likely to be most useful. I endeavoured to discharge my duty, conformably to the expectations of my benevolent employer, whose hopes were sanguine, but rational; and I believe they were not disappointed. She visited the school occasionally; bestowed her commendation,

and distributed little premiums among the most deserving of her protegés. Their progress gave her so much satisfaction, that next season she procured a sempstress for the education of girls, and there, too, she was equally happy in the improvement and propriety of behaviour exhibited by the pupils. Even at this distance of time, I have a heartfelt pleasure in relating, that of all the children thus educated, not one has been guilty of any gross irregularity in behaviour, or been subjected to the censure of any power, civil or ecclesiastical.

It was one of Mr Belfield's favourite maxims, that

> "Education forms the common mind;
> Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined;"

and, in the present instance, it was most happily illustrated; for he had exercised a judicious caution in the selection of his original tenants, and admitted none but such as were known and recommended for habits of industry and sobriety. Under his protection these domestic virtues were

cherished and promoted, and every returning day made the habits which they had acquired more agreeable; while the children having the benefit of their example, occasionally enforced by precept and friendly advice, grew up, happily ignorant of the follies and vices which prevailed in the world around them.

Summer passed away in that peaceful and unbroken tenor, which was most agreeable to my disposition. As I had promised to visit Colonel Maitland, Mr Belfield proposed accompanying me, and the weather being fine, we set out attended by a servant. We stopped at Carlisle, where we intended to dine and pass the night. Before dinner, the landlord came in with a gentleman's compliments (who, he said, was like ourselves, a traveller, and apparently a clergyman), requesting leave to dine with us, as he did not choose to eat alone. On obtaining our assent, the landlord went out, and soon returned, ushering in a venerable, hale-looking old man. We were much pleased with the stranger, who

was both intelligent and communicative; well acquainted with the world; and evidently a scholar. By the time that the cloth was removed, we considered ourselves as well acquainted. The stranger told us, that he was Mr Stanley, a clergyman in Yorkshire; that his parishoners and he had grown gray together; for, contented in his situation, "he ne'er had changed, nor wished to change his place:" that in his early days, when a very young man, he had been chaplain to the Duke of Cumberland, accompanied him into Scotland in 1746, and was wounded at the battle of Culloden; as a compensation for which, the Duke had soon after presented him with the living which he now possessed.

His recital produced in my mind a strong, but undefinable sensation; however, I contrived to disguise it, and to keep up the conversation about the rebellion, of which he told several very interesting anecdotes. I led him on to speak of the Duke, his private character, and his beha-

viour to the peasantry of Scotland, in his progress through that country; mentioning that I had heard of the Duke occasionally condescending to be very familiar with the common people. "That," said he, "was but seldom, although it sometimes happened when he was in a good humour. I recollect one curious incident, in which he was engaged in our journey north; it might almost have been termed a tragi-comic scene, and I had literally an active hand in winding it up." He then related the story of my father's rencontre with the military officers; described the situation of my mother; and acknowledged, that having learned surgery, he had, by order of his Highness, officiated on the occasion, and helped to usher a fine boy into the world. The particulars of the story were as I have already related. Mrs Midnight's appearance and behaviour, were delineated with much comic effect; and the whole described with such a degree of chaste humour, as delighted us much.

The reverend gentleman concluded by

saying, that he would give a bottle of wine to know whether the boy, that he had the honour to usher into the world that morning, was still alive. I started up, and seized him by the hand across the table, exclaiming: "Order in the wine! I am the man! and will treat you with another, with my best thanks for your very important services to my mother and me, on that momentous occasion." He surveyed me with a look, in which surprise, curiosity, and incredulity, were blended. However, by mentioning several minute circumstances, which he had omitted, and pointing out the local situation of the place, I soon convinced him of the fact. He clasped me in his arms, pressed me to his breast, and was for some time so overcome, that he could not speak. At length he cried: "You have added much to my happiness; I have had some occasional twinges upon your account. A novice in the obstetric art—had nature not been indulgent, it might have been worse for all concerned; and it gives me a pleasure, which I cannot

express, to find that all turned out so well. Come, gentlemen, fill the glasses; this must be a happy afternoon. I had once thought of getting forward on my journey; but if equally agreeable to you, I wish much that we should spend this evening together." Mr Belfield joined me in thanking him, for offering what we were just about to request, and Mr Stanley begged that he might be favoured with the outlines of my history. I readily complied; and when I had finished my story, he informed us, that like me he was a bachelor, and acknowledged that he had continued in celibacy, owing to an early attachment to one who had afterwards jilted him for a wealthier match; in consequence of which, he had determined never again to put his happiness and peace of mind in the power of a woman.

When the glass had circulated freely, and our mutual happiness in meeting had been repeatedly expressed, we took a walk in the vicinity of the town; and on returning to the inn, stepped

into the stable to see that our horses were properly taken care of. There we found a tall old man, with gray hairs, who appeared to act as superintendent of the stables. The clergyman requested that particular attention might be paid to his horse, saying, that he was an old servant, which had served him long and faithfully, and he had resolved they should never part while he lived. "No fear of him, Doctor," said the old man, "he shall have every attention, for I have dressed your horse fifty years ago!" "Eh! what?" said the clergyman. "Yes," replied the man; was not you once chaplain to the Duke of Cumberland?" "I certainly was; but who are you?" "I am the poor remains of Jack Briggs, at your reverence's service." My venerable friend shook the old man by the hand, looked emphatically at me, and then turned round to the landlord, who was walking in the stable-yard. After a short conversation with him, he came up to me, and, calling upon Briggs, told him, that I also had claims upon his acquaintance, and

wished to shake hands with him. The man stared, but said he could not recollect having seen me before. "Perhaps not," said Mr Stanley: "do you recollect having ever rode for a midwife?"—— "Yes, an' please your Reverence, oftener than once; but the first time was on our way to fight the rebels at the battle of Culloden. I was despatched by the Duke himself for a lump of flesh, who, through fear, became incapable of doing her duty; and indeed, it was whispered among us, that a worthy gentleman took her post on the occasion." "Ah, John! folks will always be joking; however, there stands the fruit of that morning's work (pointing to me), ready to thank you for the speed you exerted to serve him." I shook John heartily by the hand, and paid him some compliments upon his advanced age and healthy appearance.

In the course of our conversation, the old man informed us, that he had been about this inn nearly thirty years, and had a good master and an easy situation.

We gave him a guinea each, and retired to the inn, ruminating on the strange occurrences of the day. As we were to depart next morning, and our routes lay in different directions, it was with reluctance we could think of parting for the night. After supper, in the course of conversation, my reverend friend admitted, that he really had the degree of Doctor, by which title the ostler had addressed him. We seemed already to have been weeks in each other's company; and were, perhaps, as social and friendly a *trio*, as had ever cracked a bottle at the Duke's-head tavern. The Doctor entreated, and even insisted, on our promise to visit him at the parsonage as we returned to the north. Not wishing to infringe upon Mr Belfield's time or inclinations, I left it to his decision. "Surely," said my friend, "we must take your father's on our way home."

"Thank you, Sir," replied the Doctor; "it is the kindest appellation you can bestow; and I must endeavour to shew myself worthy of the title." We parted for the

night; breakfasted together next morning, and then pursued our respective [illegible]ces.

Sometime previous to our arrival at Maitland-park, Mrs Maitland had presented the Colonel with a daughter, who was thriving well; although, from a circumstance not uncommon to mothers, the nursing was attended with considerable pain. The Colonel had often insisted that a nurse should be brought in, and the topic was again urged in our presence, but his lady continued resolutely to oppose it. She maintained that, except in cases and under circumstances which were far from common, Nature had prepared the mother for discharging the duties of her situation; in doing which, independent of the advantage to the child, there was a degree of pleasure and tender endearment, which no mother who felt any thing of maternal affection, would willingly forego.

" But, exclusive of this," said she, " what can a husband expect from a wife, who exhibits less maternal love than the irrational

part of the creation? Do we ever see them desert their offspring, till they are able to provide for themselves? Can man expect tenderness and refinement of feeling from a woman, who, without cause, but merely to promote her own ease, perhaps that she may have leisure to pursue idle and giddy pleasures, abandons her helpless infant to the care of a mercenary stranger?"

During our stay in Wales, we rode over a great part of that fine and romantic country, and inspected some celebrated mines and iron works, which have been often described by scientific tourists. Suffice it to say, that we every day enjoyed some additional happiness and varied pleasure. To attempt any description of them here, is therefore unnecessary.

Colonel and Mrs Maitland were much delighted with the recital of our rencontre at Carlisle. The latter intreated me to keep my appointment with the Doctor: "for," said she, "there is a probability he will make you his heir, or, at least, leave you a good legacy; and as he is very old, a ba-

chelor, and a woman-hater, he is doubtless rich; it is evident, he is more of a fool than a philosopher, otherwise he would never have denied himself the pleasure of the company of females, for the faults of an individual. Were he not so old, and that it would be labour lost to make the experiment, if the Colonel will bring him to Maitland Place, I would lay a bet to cure him of his aversion to our worthy sex!" "Done!" says the Colonel; "we shall ride over into Yorkshire with our friends and visit him, that we may have a fair pretence for inviting him in return. Now, what do you bet?"

Bets were laid by all; Colonel Maitland and Mr Belfield against Mrs Maitland and me; when it occurred to Mrs Maitland that she was nursing, and could not go into Yorkshire. "So much in your favour!" cried the Colonel; "were the Doctor to see you in his own house first, he would never after become an inmate in yours; but do not mistake me, my dear, or imagine that I conceive your manners repulsive! No: I

would not wish you different from what you are; were you changed in any way, you would be less agreeable to me; but it can be very readily believed, that an old bachelor, with the antipathies of forty or fifty years growth, would not so easily be reconciled to the freedoms you take, and which, in my eyes, render you matchless!" "Thank you, Colonel! I am now certain that you admire my freedoms, since you have begun to copy them. Be sure to engage the Doctor for a visit, and I will abide the consequences; it being always understood, stipulated, and agreed upon, that I shall have liberty to flirt, coquette, and play the fool with him, according to my own discretion." "Agreed," replied the Colonel, "it being also understood, that Mrs Maitland will never treat Doctor Stanley in a manner unworthy of his age and character. But of that I have no fear, except that I calculate upon the reverend gentleman having peculiarities, of which you may not be aware. I therefore request you to take one advice; if you mean to carry the Doctor's

affections, it must be by imperceptible advances; for he will certainly fly from the field, if an attempt is made to vanquish him by a *coup de main.* And now" continued he, addressing me, "let me advise *you* to look to your own interest; for the chance of gaining a bet, you run the hazard of losing a fortune. Should my good lady there, really fascinate the old man, he will doubtless remember her in his will, probably make her sole executrix. But you are to have a previous interview; therefore, I again repeat, take care of your own interest."

On the evening before our intended visit, Mrs Maitland asked me, whether I had of late seen any of the family at Bramble-brae. It was the first time that she had mentioned them in our late interviews. Upon my replying in the negative, she said, that her mother was now very poorly; that if she kept alive till next season, it was probable that she would endeavour to see her; although she had little inclination to visit there.

A difference had taken place between Sir Peter and her about her fortune, and, unluckily, her mother had taken such a part in the dispute, as had rendered her life less comfortable ever since.

The young squire had got into a fencible regiment, and he piqued himself upon a scarlet coat and an epaulette; his character it was hardly possible to define; for it was a mass of incongruities: he was neither a bully nor a beau; a martinet nor a soldier; but a compound of all these, formed of their most prominent and least valuable parts; while his military swagger seemed to indicate, that he imagined himself a gentleman and a hero. The rest of the family were a litter of unlicked cubs, that she believed it would be almost impossible to polish: "However," said she, "they are my brothers and sisters, and if I cannot prevent, I need not publish their disgrace. If ever I visit Bramble-brae, be assured, my dear friends, I will take Hawthorn-lodge in my way."

Colonel Maitland now assured us, that

he was quite serious in his proposal of accompanying us into Yorkshire, and having some business in that quarter, he would avail himself of our society, as he felt some curiosity to see the man who had, at the same time, had the sword, bible, and forceps, as insignia of his profession.

CHAPTER XXVI.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure; whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.

COWPER.

AFTER a most pleasant journey across the country, we arrived at the parsonage one afternoon, just in time for tea, intending to send our servants and horses to an inn about a mile forward; but this the reverend gentleman would not on any account allow. He told us, that, like the patriarch of old, he had room in his tent for ourselves, and also accommodation for our man servants, and provender for our cattle. The satisfaction which he felt at again seeing me, was expressed in his countenance, as he shook me by the hand: So cordial was our welcome, that before going to bed,

we imagined ourselves as much at home, as if we had been in the house of an old and intimate friend.

Next morning at breakfast, the Doctor entreated, that our visit might be as long as was consistent with our conveniency; and we promised to remain a week. "My good friends," said the venerable parson, "I am an old man, and perhaps have my peculiarities, but I wish to make every thing agreeable to my guests; therefore, consider yourselves at home, and be under no restraint; the library and garden will be open to you at all hours: I do not insist upon entirely engrossing your time, but shall be glad to have your company when you find it convenient. We shall perhaps make some little excursions, and take a view of the neighbouring scenery, which may be pleasant enough to you as strangers." There was such an air of frankness and cheerful contentment in his manner and countenance, that we were delighted with our venerable host. On the first day, after dinner, he appeared in peculiarly good hu-

mour, and said, that he had not felt, for a long time, such an exhilaration of spirits.

"Now," said he, "here are four of us, equally paired, married men and old bachelors; and I make no doubt, that all of us have comforts peculiar to our situations, although I still believe, that you husbands and fathers have the advantage: I once wished to marry, which some of you already know, and the thwarting of my inclinations on that occasion, was the greatest disappointment I have met with during a long life." Here he paused; but seeing him in this communicative humour, we prevailed upon him, without much solicitation, to give us the following sketch of his life:

"My father was a surgeon and apothecary of some reputation. He intended training me to his own profession; and as I was his only child, he spared no expense upon my education. After attending the university till I was a good classical scholar, I applied myself to medicine, and pursued my studies at Edinburgh. About this time, a severe pasquinade appeared against ministry,

in a provincial paper published in our quarter. I replied to this attack, in a manner which some people were pleased to say, exhibited wit and learning. It was particularly noticed by a country gentleman, who had some connexion with the ministry; he considered me as their champion, sought my acquaintance, and we became intimate companions. Professing a sincere friendship for me, he expressed to my father his regret that I had not been bred to the church, for, in that case, he could have given me a respectable living.

"My father, after some farther conference with him, sent me to study divinity, and to take orders as soon as the necessary forms would admit. My previous classical acquirements rendered this no very difficult task; and in a short time I received holy orders. My intended patron told my father, that the incumbent on a living in his gift was dying, and it should be mine. It appeared no great exertion of patience to wait a little, with hopes so well-founded.

"One day, my patron invited my father

to dine with him. Over the glass, he told him, that the old incumbent could not hold out a month longer, and they tossed off a bumper to my being a bishop. My patron then mentioned to his guest, that he wanted a little of his professional assistance. When my father (who was half intoxicated with hope and wine) had expressed his readiness to serve him, the gentleman, with some delicate compliments to my father's abilities and prudence, and no small circumlocution, informed him, that an intimacy with a pretty girl in the neighbourhood, was likely to produce consequences far from agreeable; that he was a married man, and did not wish to hurt the peace of his family; the girl was of good character and decent parentage, and it would be a pity to ruin her reputation with the world; in short (said he), you see very well what I would be at. She is yet in that stage, that a small matter from you, applied with skill, will preserve my domestic peace; keep the girl's character untarnished; she may get a good husband—all will be well, and no harm done!" My father had scarce-

ly patience to hear him out; the wine he had taken, although it had heated his brain, served only to increase his indignation at the infamous proposal. 'What!' said the insulted but honest apothecary, 'do you not only wish me to become the pander of your vices; but have you the audacity to propose, that I should become your instrument in the commission of a crime at which nature shudders? What, Sir, have you seen in my conduct, or ever known of my character, that could warrant you in offering me such an insult?'

"My father had started to his feet—the gentleman endeavoured to be calm, pressed him to sit down and deliberate coolly on the matter; when my father, still indignant, refused to be seated, and replied, that such a proposal required no deliberation. The gentleman, then, with affected indifference, told him, that he might do as he pleased, but that my succeeding to the living must entirely depend upon his determination. 'It is determined, then!' cried my father, in a voice half stifled with rage; 'there is hor-

ror in the thought of purchasing admission into the church, by means so infamous and detestable!' And he abruptly left the house, which neither he nor I ever again entered.

"Thus my hopes of patronage ended. I regretted the time that I had lost, and again resumed the study of medicine. The trifle that first introduced me to the notice of my pretended patron, had also been observed by some other gentlemen in the country, and my disappointment being talked of, one of them, through some channel with which I was unacquainted, and without solicitation on my part, procured for me the offer of being chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. Being a young man, and having no aversion to seeing a little more of the world than I could do by preparing medicines and visiting patients in a country town, I accepted of the situation in which there was a fair chance of promotion; followed the Duke to Scotland, animated with loyalty; not only saw the rebellion completely crushed on Culloden-Muir,

but witnessed the subsequent cruelties with secret horror: however, prudence induced me to suppress, or at least disguise, feelings, the declaration of which would only have injured myself, without meliorating the condition of the unhappy sufferers. I can boast of having bled in the service of my country, and still bear the marks of a wound from a ball that passed through my leg, which lamed me a little. On returning to England with the Duke, while we lay in quarters, I became acquainted with a young lady, the daughter of an attorney, and soon conceived not only a warm, but a romantic attachment to her. She acknowledged a mutual passion, and our union was delayed, only till some promotion, which I had reason to expect, should enable us to live more comfortably. In the meantime we shifted quarters, and I parted from the lady with regret, after we had fifty times repeated our vows of mutual and perpetual love. For some time our correspondence was regular, and delicately tender; it then became less frequent, and more formal on her part, and at last suddenly ceased al-

together. I repeatedly wrote, without receiving any reply, and began to be alarmed for her health or safety; for I had no more doubt of her fidelity, than of my own existence. While pondering upon the cause of this silence, I learned from a paragraph in a newspaper, that my faithless dulcinea had married an old widower of fifty, who kept his carriage and country-house. Although indignant at being thus jilted, I had philosophy enough, never to think of taking the *lover's leap* on the occasion; and after seriously deliberating on the subject, I congratulated myself on the escape which I had made from so mercenary a creature. In a short time after this, I was presented to the living, where I have now the pleasure of seeing my good friends around me. Although accustomed to the life of a soldier, I trust I have never disgraced the profession to which I now belong, and, moderate in my political and religious principles, I neither give nor receive trouble. Shortly after being settled here, I entered into an agreement with my parishioners for the tithes,

which I have never yet sought to alter, and by this means I preserve their good will; for upon that very account they have an interest in my life.

"My establishment, as you see, is moderate without being parsimonious; and my pleasures are not expensive. My mother died when I was a boy, and my father just lived to see me settled, by means more honourable than those that had been proposed to him; conceiving that, in this instance, virtue had received its reward, he thanked Heaven, and died contented. I had now few relatives alive, and those very distant. My father was not rich; however, after discharging all his debts, I divided what he had left among the most needy of them.

"Considering myself as now settled for life, I planned out the economy of my establishment, and by a little calculation, saw that I could lay up a certain sum annually, and have the command of nearly as much for contingencies, such as relieving distress, assisting obscure merit, and obeying, in va-

rious ways, the dictates of benevolence.—Without boasting that I have been a good steward (for we are at best unprofitable servants), I have endeavoured not to bury my talent in the earth. I have saved some money, which I mean to apply in such a way as to promote the happiness of my fellow-creatures. I have now not many years to live, calculating even according to the latest period of human life, and trust that I have always entertained a just sense of the happiness which has fallen to my lot; and it is my opinion, that the best exhibition of gratitude is a contented mind, enjoying, with cheerfulness and moderation, the good things provided for us; and employing a reasonable proportion of them, for the relief and comfort of those who may have been less fortunate than ourselves. I have studied to inculcate upon my flock practical religion, rather than controversy; and it gives me pleasure to say, that I have not been altogether unsuccessful. There is not a dissenting chapel in my parish, and only two dissenting families. During my incumben-

cy, not one of my flock has been criminally indicted; law-suits are uncommon; and the grosser vices are almost unknown. I have never hunted after preferment, and would not now leave this spot, which has become dear to me by so many nameless associations, to be made Archbishop of Canterbury. I have a few intimate acquaintances, with whom I exchange visits; among these, are some dissenters, whom I highly esteem; although we differ in some things, I still consider them as fellow-labourers, and servants of the same Master; and believing them sincere in their professions, and active in the discharge of their duty, I consider them as justly entitled to my esteem; indeed, I occasionally find both pleasure and instruction in their society. Some people talk as if the world were much changed for the worse since they were young, and that every year is adding to its degeneracy; but I do not think so. It must be admitted, that there is much, both of vice and folly, that a wise and good man would eradicate if possible; but when was it otherwise? I recol-

lect that I was once young, and that my prudence came only from experience, and experience from years.

"Were I to judge exactly by my feelings, perhaps I would admit, that the manners are vitiated; but I believe these feelings to be fallacious; for I am sure my external senses deceive me daily, as my food has not the same flavour, nor have the flowers in the field or garden the same fragrance, that they had sixty years ago. I know they are the same; for Nature is as perfect now as then; therefore the change is in me. Yet it does not proceed from discontent: no! I do indeed feel more genuine happiness, than I did half a century ago: I am favourably situated, and my lot has been very fortunate; I have had little trouble from fools, and nothing to do with rogues, for a long time past: still, I am aware, that there are many worthy characters in the world, who, having been less fortunate, feel very differently respecting the present state of society and morals. It must be admitted, that poverty, sickness, and infirmity, are positive

evils in the present life; but still, by accustoming ourselves to certain habits of thinking and reasoning, we add to the number, and increase the poignancy of the evils, by which we find ourselves surrounded."

It was indeed agreeable to see and hear this venerable old man, who seemed to resemble one of the patriarchs; for he every day shewed some new excellence in his character, and every thing appeared so natural to him, that even his best actions seemed the result of habit, rather than of deliberate thinking.

To me he shewed a peculiar attachment, and expressed his regret, that he did not find me when I needed his assistance; being pleased to say, that I would have been a treasure to him. In a private conversation, I had given him to understand the origin of my connexion with Mr Belfield, and the great obligations under which his friendship had laid me. Knowing this, he said, that he would by no means attempt to separate me from a friend, who he saw prized me so highly, and who, in all probability, would

continue that friendship, when he should be mingled with the clods of the valley. was indeed much affected by his kindness, and had not my gratitude and affection to Mr Belfield been very strong, I would have been inclined to say, "I will never leave thee!"

As the time of our departure drew near, I believe all of us regretted the necessity of so early a separation. Colonel Maitland, in the most earnest manner, invited the Doctor into Wales, and seemed determined to take no denial. The good man, reluctant to give pain, promised, if health permitted, to make the visit next summer.

At the same time, he insisted, that I should make at least an annual visit to Yorkshire during the short remainder of his life; I had been so much affected by his kindness, and, as it were, fascinated with his behaviour, that I could not refuse his request.

On the Saturday forenoon previous to our departure, we had left the Doctor at home, while we took a walk of a few miles. We met a considerable number of women

and children, all of whom seemed going towards the parsonage. They did not appear to be paupers, although of the lower ranks. We learned afterwards, from our servants, who had obtained the information among the Doctor's menials, that these people came every Saturday, for a certain weekly allowance, which was paid to them; the sum being in proportion to the extent of their families and necessities. To those who were still poorer, broken victuals were distributed; his garden and wardrobe being also laid under contribution to relieve their wants. This was an amiable trait in the character of a minister of the Gospel of peace.

We were anxious to see and hear him in the pulpit, who, in other respects, so graced his station. The hallowed morning approached, and we met at breakfast, during which, he told us, that we should meet again at dinner, which followed the afternoon service; but, till then, it was his constant custom to be retired, when not engaged in the duties of the day.

I have always thought the service of our sister church, when well performed, very much adapted for awakening true devotion; and never did I hear prayers offered in a strain better adapted to their original purpose. His supplications were addressed with meek, but fervid sensibility; while the venerable father looked with the humility becoming a child of the dust; at the same time, exhibiting that confidence which declared his consciousness that he was addressing a just and merciful Father.

The responses were delivered in such a manner, as indicated that the hearts of the speakers influenced their lips; indeed, during the whole of the service, never did I see a greater degree of external decorum; never did I behold a congregation exhibit signs of more rational piety. When the venerable pastor mounted the pulpit, every eye was fixed on him, and every ear listened with the most respectful attention: The discourse was pregnant with reason and sound morality, founded on the doctrines of revelation;

the composition was nervous, and the delivery animated and impressive.

In the afternoon, he expounded, by lecturing, a portion of Scripture. In doing this, he exhibited an intimate acquaintance, not only with his Bible, but also with ancient history, and the manners and customs of the people, to whom the prophecies which he explained were delivered.

Upon the dismissal of the congregation, the friendly inquiries and salutations that were exchanged between the pastor and his flock, plainly evinced, that he was esteemed as the friend and father of his people. In so far as we had opportunity of observing, the amiable character of Goldsmith's country clergyman seemed completely exemplified in Dr Stanley; and I believe it would have been impossible for any one acquainted with that beautiful picture, not to imagine that he saw here the original before him.

Next day we prepared for our journey. At parting, the good Doctor appeared sin-

cerely affected, and, calling me his son, begged that I would consider him as a father; expressing his happiness, that, as a recompense for my want of success in my profession, I had been so fortunate as to find a friend in Mr Belfield. When just about to part, after reminding me of my promise to visit him next season, he put a book into my hand. "Last night," said he, "you and I were disputing upon the translation of a Greek sentence; here is a small volume, which will probably illustrate the subject: put it in your pocket, as a memorandum of an old man, who regrets that he has not had the pleasure of knowing you sooner. Farewell!"

We parted with Colonel Maitland at the first stage, and rode on to the next without stopping. There we halted to feed our horses, and having walked into the inn, I put my hand into my pocket, when feeling Dr Stanley's volume of Greek, I pulled it out. Upon opening it, there appeared a letter addressed to me, and which I found con-

tained two bank-notes, of fifty pounds each. The letter was as follows:

"Dear Sir,—I have enjoyed much sincere and rational pleasure in your company, and feel that I shall allow you to part from me with regret. How pleasant and profitable might it have been for both, had we met a score of years ago; but the ways of Providence are inscrutable. You have not been so successful as your friends would wish, in obtaining a situation in the way of your profession; but you have been fortunate indeed, in the friendship of Mr Belfield. Until I began to know him, I had determined upon soliciting you to remain with me; but a little reflection convinces me, that this would be cruelty and injustice to your friend, and probably to yourself; besides, it would be causing you to act an ungrateful part to your benefactor. I am a very old man, and cannot expect that my stay here will be much prolonged; this is another reason why you should not re-

nounce a prop in the vigour of life, for a decayed and sapless trunk. I can only solicit your kind remembrance of me, and the fulfilment of your promise, if Providence permit me to wait the return of your visit. Could I believe that you yet wished to obtain a living in the church to which you belong, perhaps my influence with some Scottish gentlemen might do something; but if you are as happy in your present situation as I believe you to be, I would rather advise, that at your age, you should continue as you are. However, if you think otherwise, signify your wishes, and I hope something may be done. I know the state of your finances from Mr Belfield; they are doubtless too limited, but I can see that your desires are equally so. In the mean time, I enclose a small mark of my regard, not that I conceive you really in want of any such trivial assistance, but as being the readiest moveable token of esteem that I can bestow on you. Take your use of it, in any way most conducive to your happiness; the pre-

sent is neither the extent of my purse, nor the limit of my good will to serve you. Continue to cultivate Mr Belfield's friendship; he has proved himself worthy of yours. I believe I shall endeavour to see Mrs Maitland, for I am disposed to think well of all your benefactors. Let me hear from you occasionally—accept of an old man's blessing, and believe that I shall always retain for you the feelings of an affectionate father.

R. STANLEY."

I was much affected by the kindness and sincere attachment of this worthy man but every pecuniary obligation that I was laid under, added an oppression to my feelings, and I literally groaned under the load of obligations. I would have returned the money; but upon shewing the letter to Mr Belfield, he remonstrated warmly against such a step; saying, that I should thereby inflict a pang upon the Doctor's feelings. It was evident, that he had a superfluity, and pleased himself in applying it

in his own way, and therefore his present should be retained.

This opinion seemed plausible, and, although I was only half convinced, my previous resolution was over-ruled.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Where shall the traitor rest,
He the deceiver,
Who could win Maiden's breast,
Ruin and leave her?

SCOTT.

We had reached within a day's journey of home, and were less than a mile distant from the town where we intended to stop for the night, when we observed a young woman seated, or rather reclining, on the brink of the ditch by the road-side, with an infant, apparently a few months old, lying beside her on the grass, and crying bitterly. On approaching nearer, we saw that the woman's countenance was pale and emaciated, with evident marks of distress, either of body or mind, probably of both. Upon

entering into conversation with her, the following dialogue took place:

"Good woman, what is the matter?" "Ah, Sir! I am very ill." "Is that your own child?" "Yes, Sir." "Where is your husband?" "I have no husband" (blushing and holding down her head). "Ah! poor woman, is he dead?" "I am—a poor unfortunate—I never was married" said she blushing.

A short silence ensued on both sides, as her character was now dubious: however, as she had answered our interrogatories with apparent candour, Mr Belfield again continued his inquiries:

"Where then is the father of your child?" "I hardly know—I am going in search of him." "From whence do you come?" "Cheshire." "And going into Scotland?" Yes, Sir; the father of my infant is, I believe, in that country." "Have you ever had any other child?" "Oh, no, no, Sir!—I have been weak—wicked—but no prostitute;" and she cried bitterly. "Tell us your story—and tell it honestly." "Good gentlemen, this is my only child—I was at service in

my native place—a gentleman's servant in the neighbourhood became acquainted with me—courted—promised to marry me—and —and ruined—and left me." Here she sobbed and cried violently. "I lost my place—went to my father's—my mother was dead, and my step-mother turned me out of doors! An old woman who lived near us received me, till I was delivered of this poor baby. As soon as I was recovered sufficiently to travel, I left the poor woman (for, indeed, she could not keep me), and set out in quest of my infant's father. I have got thus far on my way, and severely have I suffered for my folly. Poverty, contempt, sickness, and suffering, have been my companions—I am now quite worn out with fatigue; and were it not for my poor baby, most gladly would I lie here and die; for I am an object of scorn to many, and of suspicion to all; my spirit is broken, my strength is exhausted, and, alas! I shall never reach Hawthorn-lodge!" "What place did you say?" "Hawthorn-lodge—I

understand my Robert is a servant there." "What is his name?" "Robert Jones."

Now Robert Jones was very composedly seated on his horse, and holding ours at this identical moment, not an hundred yards distant; and it was obvious, that either the poor woman's fortune would mend, or her immediate detection follow: but this last alternative being by no means improbable, Mr Belfield, who followed the impulse of the moment, walked up to his servant, bade him ride forward to the town for a bottle of wine and some biscuits, and bring them to a house near the spot where we stood. Robert having received orders to use expedition, rode past the woman without having time to observe her.

We assisted her to rise, and conducting her to the house, requested that she might be accommodated for a little. Mr Belfield then told her, that he knew Robert's master, and might be able to serve her; and asked if she was still willing to marry Robert, if he had no objections. "Oh, Sir," cried she, "my only wish is to be made

an honest woman, that my child may be no longer a bastard—and then to live or die, as may be the will of Heaven." "Well, keep up your heart; we shall assist you in getting forward, and then see what can be done."

The people of the house had orders to send Robert to us the moment he arrived. When he came, a glass of wine was poured out, and he was ordered to carry it to the woman in the next room, while we followed close behind, to observe the immediate expression of their countenances, if they recognised each other. Robert presented the wine; but, on looking at her who was to receive it, he dropped the salver—she gave a glance at him, shrieked, and fell on the floor.

We now feared that our measures had been too precipitate. In the meantime, the landlady was called to assist in recovering her, while Mr Belfield retired with his servant, who had for some time stood like one convicted of murder, and bitterly regretting his crime. After a serious conversation with him upon the subject, he ac-

knowledged having seduced the girl; and expressed not only his readiness, but his anxiety, to make her reparation by marriage; saying, that his mind had never been at ease since he deserted her.

The girl was soon recovered, and Robert was brought in. He kneeled before her, begged her pardon, and solicited the return of that affection, which he said his absconding had justly forfeited. He held out his hand to her, and called us to witness, that it was a pledge of marriage as soon as she would consent. She presented her hand— he embraced her, seized his child, and clasped it to his bosom. Upon explaining the matter to the people of the house, they were prevailed upon to let their guest stay till she recovered the necessary strength. After seeing her provided with proper accommodation, we went forward to our lodgings, and deliberated what it were most prudent to do in this affair.

As there was little doubt that we could get the marriage solemnized where we then were, it appeared most eligible, that, after

getting them married, we should proceed homeward, and let Robert return for his wife and child. Accordingly, we sent for the clergyman of the town, explained the matter, and had Robert brought before him. Being a good-natured sensible man, he adjourned with us, in the evening, to the house where the bride was lodged; and the nuptial rites were performed.

Mr Belfield said, that having always found Robert a good servant, he would furnish him with a house, and hoped they would do well. We reached home next day, and on the day after, Robert was despatched for his wife and child; the people with whom she had lodged having been previously indemnified by his master. Robert brought home his family, and his fellow-servants believed that he had been married long before. The poor woman soon recovered her health and spirits; they lived several years happy with each other at Hawthorn-lodge; and left it to take possession of some little property which Robert inherited from his father.

About a week after I had resumed my

labours in school, I was waited upon by three old acquaintances from my native parish. One of them was the farmer from whom I had the house when I teached there; the other two the parents of the young woman who had been seduced by my successor. They had all been violent reformers, and were now gone to an equal extreme in abjuring their former principles. As they had been the most strenuous in dismissing me from my office, I was rather surprised at their present visit; however, as I indulged no resentment against them, I received them with an affability, the franker, perhaps, because there had once been a quarrel between us. After some general conversation, "it is necessary," said my former landlord, "to declare the purport of our visit, which embraces two objects. The first is, to assure you of our full conviction of having used you ill; to express our regret for it; and to solicit your forgiveness." "You had that from the beginning," said I; "I perceived your error, and endeavoured to convince you, which I found im-

practicable; but as it was the mistake of your judgment, I was persuaded, that at some future period, you would see your conduct in its proper light. That time being come, I am as ready to offer the hand of reconciliation, as you can be to receive it."

They now proceeded to tell me the second object of their visit; that though they were satisfied of my being fully reconciled to them, yet they wished it to be publicly known, that mutual forgiveness and reconciliation had taken place; for the notoriety of their violent conduct to me had made a considerable noise at the time. To obtain this, a thought had occurred; each of them had a son, whose education was not yet completed, (as they had never got a proper teacher since the elopement of my successor), and whom they had almost resolved upon sending to an academy; but, after some reflection, they determined upon applying to me, fully satisfied, that if I would take them under my charge, their improvement would be equal to their wishes. They proposed, that the lads should board with me, that

they might be more particularly under my guardianship: and if I would consent to take the charge, they would allow me to make my own terms.

This was an unexpected proposal; but I rather declined taking such responsibility upon myself. They continued to solicit me with much earnestness, and said, that my refusal indicated that I had not yet heartily forgiven them, since I was unwilling to confer a favour.

A thought just then occurred to me, and I resolved upon making trial of their dispositions, and probably of doing a charitable action. "Well," said I, "are you all sure that you can heartily forgive?" "We think so; but why this question?" "Because it comes now in my way—and I am about to mention a subject which will, I believe, be disagreeable; but I do it, not to hurt your feelings, far less for any worse purpose—My successor in the school—is not he in prison?" "Yes." "Detained by one, or all of you?" "By all." "And what good do you expect from that?" They paused—"Why,

he used us ill." "Granted—but he used himself worse, and should he die where he now is, will any of you feel the happier? I am sure, if you allowed resentment to give way to reason, you would immediately set him at liberty." "But think, Sir, of the shame brought upon our families!" "Well, I do think of it; and while you make him in any degree an object of public notice, which he must necessarily be while he continues in prison, so long do you keep your own misfortunes fresh in the memory of the public. I must therefore say, that, even upon the principles of self-love, and regard for the happiness of your families, you ought to do every thing practicable, to make the world forget all that has happened, which would soon be the case (such is the rage for novelty), did not your own imprudent resentment keep the subject alive, and force it upon their observation." They admitted that there might be some truth in my suggestions; but could not so easily be persuaded, that it was against their dignity to punish the fellow as far as pos-

sible; and argued, with some plausibility, that his being at large, was only to circulate the story of their disgrace, and keep it alive in every part of the country to which he should go. "To obviate this," said I, "give him his liberty, upon condition that he remove himself from the country altogether; for, unless you set this man at large, I cannot believe that you are influenced by good principles, whatever you may profess; for your own sakes, I would therefore earnestly recommend it.

"He is one with whom I have no connexion whatever, but pity to a fellow-creature, and the common principles of humanity, prompt this advice, which, if you adopt, I will accede to the proposal of taking your sons for twelve months as pupils; but, if you continue vindictive, I am fully resolved against entering into any association, that may lead to fresh disputes with men of so implacable tempers."

After some further conversation, they either were, or pretended to be, convinced by my arguments, and frankly agreed to

liberate their quondam schoolmaster. They had to obtain the consent of some others who had joined them in detaining the poor wretch, before it could be effected.

The terms upon which I was to take my pupils were soon settled, and they arrived in the course of the following week; and on the prisoner being released from jail, he was, in conformity with his former sentence, immediately sent on board a ship of war.

My new pupils resided with me eighteen months, and during the whole of that period, I believe, neither party was disappointed; for they were steady in their application, and I lost no opportunity of promoting their improvement. We parted with mutual respect, and, after settling with their fathers, I received a very handsome mark of their esteem. Thus was I reconciled to those who had, at a former period, treated me very illiberally; and I have ever since reflected upon this incident, although trifling, with much satisfaction.

Mrs Belfield's exertions were still unre-

mitted, and the children under her care continued to improve. Occasional visits which she made to the school, were of general utility; a spirit of emulation was kept up; and as her praises were never indiscriminately lavished, they produced a wonderful effect; even her smile of approbation was always an incitement to further exertion. The sempstress, whom she had selected, was a woman of prudence, and of considerable information; she acquired much respect, and informed the minds, while she directed the fingers of her pupils.

In compliance with my promise to Dr Stanley, I proposed to visit him during the first harvest vacation. As Mr Belfield had some business to do in London, he vested me with the necessary powers to act for him, and it was agreed that I should go first to Yorkshire, and then proceed to London. Instead, therefore, of taking my own horse, I set off in a post-chaise, and reached the hospitable mansion of my friend without either accident or adventure.

My reception was more than kind—it

was paternal; and the fondness of my venerable friend seemed to have increased since our last interview. We talked of men, manners, books, and the great political convulsions then taking place on the theatre of Europe; and although we sometimes differed in opinion, our respect for each other seemed only to be increased by our occasional opposition.

The Doctor told me, that he had made a visit of considerable length at Maitland-park, and spoke with much esteem of Colonel Maitland and his lady. "Although," said he, "Mrs Maitland is not all that I could fancy or wish as a woman, she is highly worthy of esteem; she has many virtues, and as few of the foibles peculiar to her sex, as any woman with whom I am acquainted. She has neither the affected airs, nor languid and sickly sensibility of a fine lady. With a graceful appearance and winning easiness of manner, she is totally void of coquetry; while, at the same time, she practises the virtues of her sex and station without prudery. She displays freedom

without levity, candour without rudeness, and good nature without foolish simplicity. If she despises or neglects some of the exterior accomplishments of her own sex, she has adopted others from ours, which, perhaps, few women could display with such gracefulness and propriety. During the first day or two of my visit, I thought her eccentric; and, I presume, she would generally be deemed so, by superficial observers; but, before my departure, I was convinced that she could not have renounced any one habit, without being less virtuous or less agreeable. Of you she has a very high opinion; and says, that she would still make the Colonel use his interest to obtain a living for you, were she not persuaded that you are as useful, and probably more happy, in your present situation; although she observes, that in a short time your utility must in some degree cease, as you cannot long continue to teach, without fatiguing yourself. And now, my dear Sir, I request to have your candid sentiments on this subject. If you anxious-

ly wish a living in the church, I believe, between Colonel Maitland and myself, the matter can be accomplished. On the other hand, if you would rather wish to decline a change of situation, do not fear for the means of living comfortably. Like you, I am left alone in the world; I assisted in introducing you to all its toils, cares, and vexations, of which I find you have had a competent share; for Mrs Maitland has made me acquainted with almost every incident of your life. Consider me, therefore, as not only your friend, but your father, if you will allow me the title. Although an old man, I have not yet made my will; but it ought not now to be delayed. Your determination upon the subject of which we have just been talking, would be agreeable to me, before I set about this memento of my mortality; besides, it is performing a duty to yourself; I trust, therefore, you will make up your mind before you again leave a friend, who cannot now expect to see you often."

"To this benevolent man I hardly knew what to reply, and I was so overpowered

by his kindness, that I felt myself almost incapable of thinking coherently. I had, for great part of my life, owed most of its comforts to the bounty of others; but this, instead of rendering my mind more callous, had increased its sensibility. There still existed a pride which I could not easily shake off, and which was hurt by every additional favour conferred upon me. I felt that my independence was gone, and persuaded myself that I was degraded in society, and stooping to eleemosynary subsistence. In the meantime, I thanked the Doctor, with heartfelt gratitude, for the interest he took in my happiness, and for all his kind intentions towards me; but, in the most decided manner, I refused accepting of his property, according to the manner he had signified to me. Even in the event of no change taking place in my situation, I told him that it was equal to all my wants; and as I had no one dependent on me, his fortune could be much better employed; it could be applied so as to give lustre and perpetuity to his

name, and be productive of much and lasting utility to mankind.

After much deliberation, and passing a sleepless night in ruminating on the proposals made to me, I viewed myself, at present, as nearly a useless being—a drone in the public hive, except in so far as I discharged the office of schoolmaster; and I had begun to feel that duty not only fatiguing, but injurious to my health. My benefactor, Mr Belfield, was not rich, and had the prospect of a family. Although he had removed my dependence on him, and I had every reason to believe he would not part from me without reluctance; yet I still considered the comforts which he had provided for me as a tax on his generosity.

I had been qualified for the church, with a sincere belief in the doctrines which I had once preached, and considered them as essential to the present and future happiness of man. Ought I not, therefore, still to embrace every opportunity of promulgating them, which Providence might put in my power? My heart replied in the af-

firmative—and I next day hinted to my friend, that if a living in the church were offered to me, I should consider it my duty to accept it.

Two weeks having passed rapidly away, it became necessary for me to pursue my journey. At parting, the Doctor said, "my health is still good, and, I trust, we shall meet again next season, or sooner, if you can make it convenient. If it be not disagreeable to maintain a correspondence with an old man, let me frequently hear from you." We parted with regret, and I set off in the stage coach for London.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the parting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world.

SHAKSPEARE.

MY company in the coach consisted of an elderly gentleman of respectable appearance, another considerably younger, but forward and loquacious; and a woman, decently, though not elegantly dressed, of a matronlike appearance, and about forty years of age. They seemed to have travelled some stages together; for the conversation was begun by the elderly gentleman, who thus addressed the other:

"So you have been at the Scotch Circuits?" "Yes—I amused myself by look-

ing in upon them *en passant.*" "Were there any important trials?" "Important trials—at a Scotch Circuit! that is a good joke. Pray, Sir, what could you expect there of importance? I hope you will excuse me, Sir, for I do not think you are a Scotchman: but, indeed, their causes are generally of no importance: nothing to inspire with eloquence—no field! In this instance, there were a few women for child murder, as usual—some petty larcenies, such as stealing potatoes, turnips, and dead horses, for the sake of their skins; deforcing gaugers, and so forth! Ah! I had forgotten, there was one cause of high importance—Sir Peter Lightfoot of Bramble-brae had caused one of his tenants to be indicted for felony, for the daring crime of stealing heather!" "You joke surely?" "Not I, faith! The knight is a queer one!—but we, the other proprietors in the county, were quite ashamed of the action. We must absolutely black-ball Sir Peter, to save our own honours!" "Do you reside in his neighbourhood, Sir?" "Heaven forbid!

Reside in Scotland! I would as soon become a wandering Tartar, or build a hut in Siberia! I have got an old mansion-house, and a few hundred acres, within twenty miles of Bramble-brae, that were left me by a foolish relation, who was never out of Scotland in his life: I am obliged to go down once a year, which I generally do about the shooting season, when I contrive to linger out my existence for a few weeks —settle with my steward, or factor as they term him, and return, as I am now doing, to life and sunshine in Old England."— "Are you personally acquainted with Sir Peter?" As much as I wish to be—I have seen him at county meetings; and have enjoyed many a hearty laugh at his expense, as I have heard his character and family affairs developed by the neighbouring gentry." "I knew him a merchant in London—can you inform me whether his lady is still alive?" "Why, I believe so—but they are most heartily tired of each other." "Ah! how is that?" "Why, I presume, Sir, you know that the lady's charms were

all concentrated in her strong box; that once in possession of the knight, she had no farther attractions for him. *Her* ruling passion was showy, vulgar gentility, and *his* was vanity, fettered by avarice. They never coalesced in their pursuits; their minds could not assimilate; and some years ago, the marriage of Lady Lightfoot's daughter (Miss Burton) by a former husband, roused their natural antipathies into an open rupture. The quarrel began about the young lady's portion, and produced a dreadful explosion. Her mother has never since been reconciled to Sir Peter, and now finds her only consolation in the closet, over a cup of Glenlivet whisky: her eloquence was always too much for her *tender spouse;* but, inspired with her favourite beverage, she becomes irresistible, and their interviews often terminate with *argumentum baculinum,* when the knight generally makes a precipitate retreat." "Has the daughter made a good match? What sort of girl was she?" "A chip of the old block—a dowdy in shape—a rantipole in

manners—unprincipled both from ignorance and inclination—without the delicacy of her own sex, and wanting the common sense of ours; the only virtue to which she has any title being of a negative kind, viz. that she is no hypocrite. With an appetite for a husband, which she was neither able nor anxious to disguise, she was in most imminent danger of dying, I will not say an *old maid*, but a *spinster*; when in one of her rambling excursions, she hooked an old half-pay Captain in the army, possessed of a few barren hills in Wales, where they *live* or rather *vegetate*." "You made a curious distinction in your last sentence." "Ah! about the spinster—is it that you mean?" "Yes, Sir, it struck me." "No doubt, no doubt, Sir! I wish to speak correctly, and according to the truth, as far as it may be known. Miss Burton, *entre nous*, was rather too come-at-able—indeed, she was perfect touchwood, and frightened off every man that approached her by her fondness. Her mother had long watched her like a *duenna*, until one morning, that, catching

her and the family chaplain in rather a *mal-apropos* situation, she gave it up in despair."

My bosom was already glowing with indignation at the gossipping calumnies of this scandal-monger. He was now about to relate, and I had no doubt to distort, my adventures in Sir Peter's family, and I was doubtful whether I should be able to command my temper: however, being seated on the same side, I contrived to keep my back half turned to him, when he was to commence as my historian.

"Is it possible!" said the old gentleman, "did Miss Burton seduce the chaplain?" Not exactly that, Sir—it was diamond cut diamond! He was a knowing one, and she was 'nothing loath.' His father, a taylor or cobler, I *forget* which, wished to perpetuate his name, by breeding his son for the church. What nature had denied this intended expounder of creeds in talent, she supplied in cunning, or, as they say in Scotland, '*mother wit.*'—His *debut* was in a Mr B.'s family, where

the fellow, aided by impudence and a pair of broad shoulders, was just upon the eve of marrying the family heiress; but the plot was discovered when the mine was ready to spring, and this promising son of the church was sent a packing, though not before he had so far ingratiated himself with the poor giddy girl, that, like a baby deprived of its doll, she cried herself into a fit, and actually died of disappointment."

While this slanderer spoke only of myself, my strongest sensation was contempt; but to hear the angel purity of Maria B. defamed by such a wretch, was agony! I was about to interrupt him, and with difficulty suppressed my indignation for the moment. His companion, or rather auditor, again addressed him.

"Well, I suppose this chaplain next got into Sir Peter's family, and wished to marry Miss Burton?" "Yes, that was his aim. He plied her with love letters in rhyme, the sentiments of which were calculated to meet her laxity of manners; but one unlucky morning, when he was swearing to

the whole in a *tete-a-tete,* and sealing his oath by kissing the lady instead of the gospel, her amorous disposition could no longer hold out, and he, cool and calculating as he was, forgot all consequences—began at the wrong end of his wooing—was interrupted by Lady Lightfoot, and, in five minutes after, kicked out of doors by the knight."—"A strange one he must have been!—Do you know any thing farther of his adventures in fortune-hunting?" "Why, as to that, I cannot speak with equal certainty; he was, after all this, appointed assistant minister in a country parish, but the parishioners, justly offended with his immoral character, insisted upon his being turned off. He afterwards became a schoolmaster, but was dismissed from that office also. I have heard that he was apprehended in Edinburgh for vending counterfeit notes, but was released by the address and interest of Miss Burton. Since that time, I believe, he has led a vagrant kind of life about Wales, in the vicinity of his old sweetheart; where, it is generally reported, they still

render friendly services to each other; and it is exceedingly probable, for how could he otherwise subsist?"

The woman, who, like me, had hitherto been silent, now addressed the detestable defamer thus:

"Sir, you seem to be well acquainted with all the characters of whom you have been talking, and have afforded us a great deal of entertainment. Do you know what you have told to be facts?" "Do I know them?—every body knows them—and says so!" "Well, then, Sir, permit me to tell you, that every body, and you too, are common liars!" "Woman! do you know to whom you speak?" "You'll see that bye and bye!"

Then addressing herself to the old gentleman and me:

"Gentlemen," said she, "it is not a woman's prerogative to intrude herself into conversation, especially with strangers; but I conceive it to be the duty of every person, whether man or woman, when they hear truth distorted, facts misrepresented,

and innocence defamed, to check the progress of such infamous scandal, and expose the libeller in his native colours. You have heard what this *fellow* (for he is no gentleman) said of Miss Maria B. I again repeat, it is all an infamous lie! I entered into the service of Mr B. immediately after the departure of the tutor just mentioned—was Miss B.'s attendant till the hour of her death, and continued in the family till the untimely loss of her father. That Miss B. loved the tutor, I know; but so far from his having seduced her affections, he left the family when he made the discovery that she loved him; his absence was the cause of much regret to Mr B., who knew not the reason of his departure, till his daughter revealed it on her death-bed; and had Mr B. lived, this tutor would have been handsomely provided for. He was, and (notwithstanding this reptile's aspersions), I trust, still is, a man of character and principle.

" Before her death, Miss B. made no secret to me of her affection for this young man; but her death was not the conse-

quence of disappointed love; it was produced by cold and rain, which brought on a consumption; and so far from being the giddy girl she has been represented by this miscreant, she was as much beyond others of her age, for wisdom and prudence, as she excelled them in beauty.

"Respecting the family of Bramble-brae, I am less able to speak correctly; but I know enough to affirm, that this pretended country gentleman, a neighbour of Sir Peter's, as he says, and who now looks me in the face, came into Sir Peter's family, no body knows from whence, under the title of a lawyer, to assist the knight in drawing up leases, &c.—continued for some time, till he had the audacity to make love to Miss Burton; he pressed, repeated his suit, and teased the lady, till she literally ordered him to be turned down stairs, and he was put out of doors by the shoulders. So that Miss Burton, inflammable as he has represented her, refused to kindle at such a spark. All this I affirm to be true; and now maintain, to his face, that he is a mean, cowardly, re-

vengeful, dirty calumniator; let him disprove it if he can, and resent it if he dare. Yes, Sir! (addressing him), you are all that I have already termed you; and to shew that I do not claim the privilege of my sex for what I have said, my husband is Mr Fenwick, parish minister of * * * *, to whom I refer you for any offence I may now have given. Further, I believe, he wishes to see you respecting a last will drawn by you, concerning which some explanations are necessary, and which will, in a short time, undergo legal investigation; and if you will have the politeness to favour him with your address, it may save some trouble to the understrappers in that profession, to which you are a disgrace. Do you wish me to be more explicit in my narration of this affair?

"Gentlemen, I have only farther to observe, that any thing approximating to truth, in all the scurrility which I have dared to contradict, are the characters given of Sir Peter and his lady; these, although caricatures, are likenesses. Respecting Miss

Burton, now the lady of Colonel Maitland, I believe her manner was free, but her principles good, and her character unspotted. I never had the pleasure of seeing Mr Campbell, the tutor or chaplain, as he has been contemptuously termed just now; but am well persuaded, that the man whom Maria B. could honour with her esteem, and invoke blessings on his head with her dying breath, would never have so far degraded himself, as to merit the charge now brought against him."

An irresistible impulse prompted me—I seized Mrs Fenwick's hand, and passionately said: "For the sake of Maria B. I request that you will accept my most sincere thanks but, I beg your pardon—I have interrupted you—proceed." "I have only to add," replied Mrs Fenwick, "that the departure of Mr Campbell from Bramble-brae, was not as described by this pestiferous reptile. I have already said, that Miss Burton's conduct was unspotted; there was freedom, but not levity in her manner; and I have heard, from good authority, that her husband, Co-

lonel Maitland, is a gentleman of distinction and respectability. I beg your pardon, Gentlemen, for all this intrusion, as neither of you may feel any interest in the characters which have been so brutally mangled; but I have had occasion to know or hear of them, and always in a way so very different from that in which they have just been represented, that I did not conceive it consistent with justice to allow such an impression to remain upon the minds of strangers."

The old gentleman joined me in again expressing our thanks and approbation of her conduct. The pettifogger was quite chop fallen; and in a short time we arrived at the next stage.

When we came out of the coach, I immediately seized the driver's whip; my defamer was about to walk off, but, in a peremptory tone, I commanded him to stop—the guilty are generally pusillanimous, and he obeyed. We were shewn into a room; I desired the old gentleman and Mrs Fenwick to be seated; and pushed the limb of the

law into the middle of the room, taking my position between him and the door. When suppressed indignation would permit me to speak, I addressed them thus:

"You are, doubtless, surprised at my violence and agitation; but that surprise will cease when I tell you, that I am Mr Campbell, the fond adorer, I might say, idolater; of Maria B.'s fame and memory; I am the 'knowing one,' the intriguing tutor of Bramble-brae, and avow myself the acquaintance and intimate friend of Colonel and Mrs Maitland; all of whom, as well as myself, has this wretch, this reptile, aspersed and defamed." Then seizing him by the collar, "down, down upon your knees this instant, scoundrel! and ask pardon of the sainted shade of Maria B. for all the calumnies you have uttered, and acknowledge, before this company, that, like the poisonous serpent, you have, with your pestilential breath, attempted to blight and destroy the fair fame of spotless innocence." I was like one frantic—the wretch saw it, and attempted to speak—I reared the whip, he

crouched like a spaniel, and begged that I would hear him. With quivering lips, he acknowledged, that the rejection of his addresses by Miss Burton had turned his love for her into hatred, which he had nursed until it was extended to all that he knew to be connected with her; that, upon this account only, he had taken freedom with my name, and, for the same reason, with that of Maria B. That beloved name again aroused my rage, which was subsiding into contempt, and I exclaimed,

"Execrable villain! detestable wretch! before all your calumnies were uttered, I had resolved to demand the satisfaction of a gentleman, even at the expense of my character, but the knowledge of your unworthiness has saved me that degradation—you are unfit to live in society, and are beneath the resentment of a man! Go! hide yourself for ever: There is for Maria B.'s wrongs (giving him a kick on the breech)! and that for Mrs Maitland's (giving him another); and for my own, I will lead you forth a public exhibition. Then seizing him by

the most prominent part of his face, I led him not only out of the room, but from the house into the public street, where I turned him adrift, and cracked the whip after him.

My companions, who had hitherto been mute with astonishment, when I again entered the room, seized me by the hands, and seating me in an elbow-chair, expressed their approbation of my conduct.

A crowd had collected about the coach, and were inquiring the cause of what they had witnessed; the driver became impatient to go on; but I was so much agitated, that I wished to stop a little. The old gentleman went out, and by going the right way to work with the driver, purchased ten minutes indulgence. Having ordered some negus, while drinking it, I learned with pleasure, that my two companions were going to London. After we again started, the gentleman told us, that he was a merchant in the city, and a distant relation of Lady Lightfoot's first husband; and although all intercourse had long ceased between their families, yet he still considered Mrs Maitland as his relation,

and was glad to find, that her character had both fair and brave advocates (bowing to Mrs Fenwick and me). "The conduct," said he, "which you have both shown to-day, would have claimed, and met my respect, had I known nothing of the characters you have so magnanimously defended; but, as the case stands, I am indebted to you much, and I must insist upon your being my guests during your stay in London." We both replied, that the acceptance of his kind offer would be an after consideration. Mrs. Fenwick informed us, that she had taken the journey to look after some property, to which she considered herself the legal heir; but that as no little chicanery had been practised to deprive her of her right, her personal appearance had become absolutely necessary.

The merchant said, that he probably could be of some service to her, and she might rely upon his best assistance. I also added, that the business in which I was concerned, would give me occasion to be with some respectable counsel; and begged, that, if in

any degree necessary, she would furnish me with an opportunity of shewing my gratitude for the service she had rendered to me, and to those whose names would ever be dear to my remembrance.

We arrived in London about eight in the evening. The merchant, whose name was Mr Davenport, insisted so strenuously upon our accompanying him, that we both consented, and were most hospitably and elegantly lodged in a house in Cornhill. As Mrs Fenwick had no relatives in the city, Mr Davenport and his daughter (for he was a widower) urged her continuance in their house; to which she at last consented. Next day, I set about the business of my friend and patron, and learned that it would detain me in London at least two weeks.

CHAPTER XXIX.

No! for myself, so dark my fate
Through every turn of life hath been;
Man and the world I so much hate—
I care not when I quit the scene.

BYRON.

HAVING now some spare time on my hands, I devoted it chiefly to seeing what are considered the curiosities of London; and Mr Davenport occasionally accompanied me. During my leisure hours, for some years past, I had amused myself in the compilation of a few Essays on Natural Philosophy, which had so grown upon my hands, that they would have formed a pretty large octavo volume. On resolving to come to London, I determined to take my MS. along with me; for although I had not the most distant idea of publishing when I began to write, yet it is doubtless true, that the chil-

dren of our brain, like those of the body, acquire a stronger claim upon our fondness the longer we continue to nurse and foster them. Yet, uncertain of their merit, I declined offering them for publication in Edinburgh, where any work worthy of public attention, is certain of meeting with encouragement, both from the booksellers and the public; for believing myself to be known there, I did not choose to run the hazard of a refusal. However, having brought them to London, I sallied out one rainy morning, with my Essays in my great-coat pocket, wrapped in a silk handkerchief; and coming to a bookseller's shop in St Paul's Church-yard, intimated to Bibliopolus, that I wanted to speak with him. We retired into a private room, where I introduced the subject; and, as a preliminary step to the business, I put down my hand to pull them from my pocket, but they were no longer there. Had the bookseller detected me in abstracting the contents of his till, I might have looked more confused, but could not have appeared

more silly than I did at that moment.—He saw my situation in a twinkling—"Ah!" said he, "your work has saved the Reviewers the trouble of passing sentence—it is gone to the pastry-cook's already!" Perhaps he meant nothing ill-natured, but I thought his wit not well timed, and it increased my confusion; he observed it, and apologized for the freedom of his joke with a stranger. He then asked, whether I had stopped by the way. "Only about a minute at a caricature print shop window." "Ay, ay! 'twas there the deed was done! and (excuse my joke again), I do assure you, that your ludicrous appearance, about three minutes ago, would have furnished a very good subject for the same window at which this trick has been played you. However, by advertising, and offering a reward, you may yet recover your MS., only, you must lose no time, for, depend upon this, to the grocer's shop, or the pastry-cook's, it will go without delay!" I told him I would consider of it, and taking my leave, returned to my lodgings, fretted and vexed, not so much

at my loss, as at the mortification which I had undergone. I believed that the bookseller would retail the story, and felt, that had the case not been my own, I must have indulged my risible faculties at the expense of the unfortunate author.

One day, having strolled into Piccadilly, I was looking at some prints in a bookseller's window (having previously taken care that my outside pockets were empty), when I was accosted by a man, apparently about my own age, of a meagre and sallow complexion, and very shabbily dressed. He held out his hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, and addressing me by name, asked how I had been for a long time. Not immediately recognizing him, and suspicious of some trick, particularly as I was at a bookseller's window, I believe my behaviour was rather reserved; for, looking at him for some time, I dryly replied, that I had not the pleasure of recollecting his face. "Ah!" said the stranger, "I did not think that you could ever have forgotten the phiz of your old college friend,

Tom Standish! But it is the way of the world! I presume you have long been wallowing in the luxuries of a fat benefice; which, I believe, though very well for the body, is often hurtful to the memory." The tones of his voice, and humour of his manner, soon convinced me, that it was indeed my old acquaintance, with whom, during our stay at College, I had passed many a merry evening. Tom was then fat, and full of flesh and jollity; but he was now altered indeed—his lack-lustre eye sunk in his head—his cheek-bones prominent——his complexion cadaverous—and his belly as lank as a grayhound's. "My dear Sir," said I, "I beg your pardon; but, indeed, I did not recognize you. How do you do? What are you about? Do you reside in this metropolis? Excuse me—I have an hundred questions to ask." "Ay, no doubt," replied Tom; "but I hope you don't intend that I should answer them all here." During the few minutes that we had stood together, I observed, that he looked rather timidly and hastily on all sides. "If you are at leisure

(said he), I should like much to chat a little with you." Although not quite satisfied with his appearance, yet good manners, and the recollection of former days, prompted me to consent, and I asked whither we could adjourn. "Come," said he, "I shall lead the way;" and he darted into a narrow lane with the celerity of a stripling. We crossed several streets, and I observed that Tom always preferred the bye lanes, and walked very fast. At length we landed in a court of decent enough appearance; where Tom, after he had reconnoitred the windows, pulled a bell in the lobby of an eating-house. The waiter appeared, to whom something was whispered by Tom; we were conducted up three flights of stairs; and then shewn into a small room of about twelve feet square. "Now," said Tom, "let this day be devoted to mirth and friendship! What do you say to a lunch?" It was impossible to look upon Tom's famished countenance, and withhold an assent to his proposition—The lunch was ordered immediately.

Tom said, he was an early riser, devoting

his mornings to study; and as he took a good deal of exercise in the forenoon for the sake of his health, this was just the time that he felt the pleasure of a good appetite; of which, indeed, he gave sufficient proof, in the demolition of a cold pasty and a fowl, both of which disappeared in a twinkling. Having washed them down with some excellent ale, "Now, my friend," quoth Tom, "let us enjoy 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' Tell me all about yourself and friends. Have you long ago got a kirk, and grown rich and lazy? Whom have you married, and how many children have you, according to the flesh? Do tell me all about it?" Having given the necessary replies to his various questions, he did not seem surprised. "Ha! I thought so," replied he; "neither of us are qualified to work our way in this dirty planet. Modesty, Sir, modesty and diffidence have crushed us both! No matter; a family and riches only increase one's cares; 'Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof:' I have learned, by experience, to adopt the advice of the Apostle, 'in

whatever state you are, learn therewith to be content;' and, barring some trifles which occasionally occur, contrive to live happily. I hate the plague of servants and the formalities of company, and, therefore, have nothing to do with either. Study and walking constitute my business; and a *tete-a-tete*, with an old friend, such as I am enjoying just now, I consider the *summum bonum* of human felicity!"

I now expressed a desire to hear something of his history, in so far as it might be agreeable for him to make the communication.

"You shall have it all;" said he; "with such a friend, reserve would be detestable; but—it embraces some vicissitudes, which I am not over fond of relating—indeed, I wish to forget them altogether; but memory, Sir, memory is tenacious, and I just laugh over them with a friend; although, as there are one or two incidents that are apt to make my throat dry when I recollect them, for you know 'our life is a web of mingled yarn,' I never attempt

this narrative of mine till the cloth is removed after dinner, and then, when one has a glass of generous wine before him, it gives a zest to the pleasure, and produces oblivion to care. We shall, therefore, if you please, while away an hour, by talking of our old acquaintance and college pranks, till dinner is ready, and then—when nature has satisfied her wants, I shall a 'round unvarnished tale deliver,' ha! ha!" This proposal did not altogether suit either my arrangements or inclinations; but, not seeing clearly how it could be avoided, I complied with a good grace, making a virtue of necessity.

"Well, now," said he, "that we may proceed methodically, suppose we call for a bill of fare; philosophers are never voluptuaries, I admit; but, on the meeting of two such old friends as we are, there is reason—there is necessity—I mean the necessity of custom, for having something decent on the table."

The bill of fare was produced, I allowed Tom to cater, and the selection did credit to his taste. We talked, laughed, and

chuckled over old stories, till dinner appeared on the table. The keenness of my friend's appetite, though he had had no walk since lunch-time, did not seem to have been much impaired by his confinement. "Hang it," said he, "I should never come to this house—they have so nice, and peculiarly delicate a way of cooking, that they would tempt Diogenes himself to become an epicure. Pray, my dear Sir, do you remark the flavour of this sauce?—nothing like it in London! One is tempted to the meat for the sake of the sauce!" In like manner, he always found a reason for the attacks he made upon every dish. By the time we had finished, the solids being duly tempered with a few glasses of wine, and the feast closed with a reasonable proportion of brandy, which Tom said was necessary to promote digestion, his countenance assumed a more cheerful aspect; his face seemed broader; his eyes began to brighten, and I could again recognise their peculiar twinkle; again the tones fell upon my ear, that had so often 'set the table in a roar,' during our juve-

nile days. The cloth was removed, the generous juice of the grape sparkled before us, and libations to toasts, warm from the heart, had nearly emptied the first bottle, before Tom thought of commencing his narrative. At length, observing the state of the bottle, he remarked, that we had better have another, before he began his "eventful history," for he hated to be interrupted. A supply of wine was brought in, when, quaffing another glass, Tom, after a hem! or two, began as follows:

"You will recollect, my dear Sir, that I had to continue at college for two seasons after you left us, and, in due time, I received a *diploma* to preach, *alias* a license to beg; for it was nothing better to me. My father, like yours, was a poor but honest man; he had enough of difficulty in keeping me at college, and could no longer support me; nor would I have stooped to be a farther oppression, where I had already been so heavy a burden. Besides, I had a nobler aim, namely, to shine in th[illegible]here

for which I had so long been qualifying myself, by poring over crabbed Greek and Hebrew characters, turning the tiresome and musty pages of the ancient fathers, and listening to many a drowsy lecture from pedantic and prosing professors. From all these I had now escaped, and imagined myself an eaglet, capable of soaring to the sun; but,

> "Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
> The steep, where Fame's proud temple shines afar?"

Day after day rolled on, and I did nothing; every succeeding hour diminishing my hopes, and sowing the seeds of despondency.

"After some time, I obtained the situation of schoolmaster to a country parish, and that only while the incumbent was at college. This office I held for three seasons, half starving the rest of the year. At last, the resident schoolmaster, who was also a preacher, found a patron who gave him a good living. I applied for the school, and had a fair chance of success, when a most unfor[illegible]air blighted all my prospects.

You perhaps recollect, that my heart was always *tender;* will you forgive a pun, and permit me to use the Irish accent, and call it *tinder?* for a glance from a pair of bright eyes was always sufficient to set it on fire.

"In the village where my school was situate, there resided a mechanic who possessed some literary taste, and this was sufficient to lead me to his house in the winter evenings; but I soon found it contained other and more powerful attractions—for he sold good liquor, and, above all, had a daughter—young, blooming, artless, and innocent!

"Ah! Mr Campbell, this is a sad part of my history, and has cost me many a pang—I began my career of life in guilt, and its progress has been an almost uninterrupted series of misfortune and suffering. But, to proceed—I liked the landlord's ale, his conversation better, and his daughter's company best of all. Not that I ever harboured the least idea of seducing the girl No: I should have detested myself, for even the thought of such a crime; and had any one

dared to suggest the possibility of such a circumstance happening, I would have replied in the words of Hazael to the prophet of old—'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' She was innocent, and the innocence of youth is often without suspicion; besides, she considered me a preacher of the gospel, and, I believe, thought me perfect in conduct, having never heard a licentious expression, or an immoral sentence, escape my lips; and, such was her guileless simplicity, that she conceived me a superior sort of being to those with whom she usually associated. She saw me tipple with her father and others—they sometimes got intoxicated, but I was always sober, for I had a strong constitution; and this served to confirm her good opinion. I became very fond of the girl, and had every reason to believe that she loved me, but fancied me to be beyond her reach. My attachment increased, and had I been able to support her, I would have married her without delay. This, however, was not to be thought of for a moment; but, although

common sense urged me to avoid her company, yet I wanted resolution. I came into her presence with delight, and always left her with regret. We held no clandestine meetings; nor did I ever indulge a thought derogatory from her honour. It was not long before she discovered my attachment, although I was at some pains to conceal it; I observed that it pleased her, and read with delight the expression of her eyes.

"About this period, an old widower of fifty made proposals of marriage to her, and, as he was rich, her parents were anxious to promote the match. Even though she had not been previously attached to me, I believe he would have been the object of her aversion; for, exclusive of his age, his person and manners were equally repulsive. He continued his importunities, and her parents persisted in teazing her, till her dislike to him increased to hatred. In the simplicity of her heart, she waited a private opportunity one evening, told me her unhappiness, and solicited my counsel. T[illegible] was too much for me—my feelings t[illegible]y

passion, and, I owned with truth, that I loved, but could not marry her, from not having the means of making her live comfortably. She had that afternoon been threatened by her father, and scolded by her mother, to induce her to marry the widower. After telling her tale, she wept—I tried to comfort her—and we parted not—till I had ruined her!

"Wicked men, anxious to justify themselves, might plead, in exculpation of a crime like this, that, as there was no deliberate seduction, the guilt was proportionally lessened. Vain sophistry! I was a man endowed with reason; knew the frailties of human nature; and, hence, it became my duty to avoid temptation, and also to save her who had fallen my victim. Although most fully assured of her previous innocence, yet, I believe, that my distress of mind was not inferior to hers; I again repeated my promise of marriage, as soon as I should be able to maintain her; and, to soothe her mind, gave her a written obligation to that effect.

"Perhaps this, and the reflection that she would now be released from the teazing importunities of one who was to her an object of disgust, assisted in tranquillizing her mind. I was upon the eve of succeeding in my application for the school, when the consequences of our criminal connexion attracted the observation of her parents. On being interrogated, she acknowledged the truth. I was sent for, and declared my readiness to make legal and honourable satisfaction by marriage: and it was understood by all parties, that we were to be united as soon as possible, in the expectation that my settlement in the school would immediately take place. Alas! the rejected widower was an elder in the parish, and he contrived to impress the heritors with the idea that I was a drunkard, a debauchee, and a man of licentious principles and dissolute habits. A clamour being thus raised against me, it was finally determined, that I was unqualified for the office of schoolmaster.

"This was a dreadful blow! Poor as the situation was, I looked to it - the

means of living, and of enabling me to heal the wounds which I had inflicted on unsuspecting innocence.

"Yes, Sir; poor as the pittance would have been, I had resolved upon sharing that little with her, whose confidence in me I had betrayed, and whom I had covered with shame and sorrow. I even humbled myself so far, as personally to solicit the minister and some of the heritors for the situation; not, I said, for my own sake, but that I might be enabled to perform an act of justice to the unfortunate object of my affections.

"But a strong party had been formed against me, and I was opposed on the principles of morality. They who had set themselves in opposition to me, were perhaps right upon abstract principles, but were certainly wrong in judging thus of the individual; for never had I formed half so strong resolutions, and never had I felt the same earnest inclinations to conduct myself with propriety. I had become sensible of my own weakness, and would, of course, have been more guarded: besides, my Mary was dear-

er to me than life; and, for her sake, I was determined to redeem the character I had lost. I am persuaded, that had I succeeded in my application for the school, although I should never have obtained farther promotion, my conduct would have been exemplary, and my life useful to society. However, I was refused with scorn, and a dull uninformed clodpole installed in the office.

"Shame and pride now united to drive me from the place that had given me birth, and from her whose happiness or misery was identified with my own. With anguish unspeakable we parted, after renewed assurances of uniting myself to her the moment that I had the means of protecting her. I offered to marry her then, but her father opposed it, and told me, that he would rather provide for my bastard, than have the additional burden of me; and, that he hoped his daughter would yet make a better match. But I am tedious, and shall close this very painful part of my story.

"I went to London, which I considered as

the great mart for talent of every description; determined, if I could find employment, to lodge in a garret, and live upon bread and water, till I was able to make some provision for my poor unhappy Mary.

"I applied at counting-houses, ware-rooms, and wharfs; but Latin and Greek were not wanted there, and all the other parts of my education had not qualified me for a commercial situation. My finances were nearly exhausted, and the prospect before me was dreary indeed.

"During my leisure hours in Scotland, I had occasionally amused myself in writing verses, for which I was allowed to have some talent. Upon rummaging my trunk for a pair of clean stockings, to enable me to go out with some decency in quest of employment, my eye glanced upon a bundle of these poetical effusions, and a thought struck me, that I would now try to sell them. As necessity precludes delicacy, I waited upon a respectable bookseller, who, most fortunately, was a humane man; and inquired if he would purchase my manuscript.

After looking at me and them, he told me, that he was not sufficiently qualified to judge of their merit, and could not risk his money upon the productions of an author totally unknown to the public; but if I chose to leave them, he would give me an answer in a few days. As I could do nothing better, and was pleased with the gentleman's manner, I agreed to this proposal. At the time mentioned, I returned, when, with much suavity of manner, he thus addressed me:

"'The report, Sir, that has been made to me of your pieces, by a friend whom I consult on such occasions, is not unfavourable; yet still the thing is hazardous. All that I can engage to do, is, to publish them at my own risk, and account to you for half the profits they may produce. Or, if you please to pay the paper and printing, I will undertake the sale, and do all in my power to push them off; the whole profits will then be accounted for to you, after allowing me the usual rate of the trade for my trouble.'

"I told him that I [illegible] d by

his candour, which required an equal return on my part, and I was sorry to say, that neither of these proposals exactly suited my wishes.

" 'Perhaps so,' said he; 'however, I see you are a young man, and know little about our business. I am just going up stairs to dinner; will you have the goodness to accompany me, and we can talk a little more about the matter?'

" After dinner, he asked me what my views were in coming to London, my education, and my previous habits. When I had answered his inquiries, he seemed for a few moments lost in thought. 'I must acknowledge,' said he, 'your prospects are not very flattering; however, something may be done. Can you undertake to correct the press for a work in Greek?' I expressed my doubts, at the same time signifying my willingness to make the trial, and leave the remuneration to himself. He told me the work would be ready for me in a week or two, but, in the meantime, I might be employed on an English publica-

tion, by which I might acquire the technical part of the business. I expressed my impatience to begin, and it was agreed, that I should commence my labours with the following week.

"My efforts in the English gave satisfaction, but I trembled when about to begin my attack on the pot-hook Greek characters. However, fate and perseverance were my friends; for my employer was a judicious man, and the compositor, calm, good-tempered, and willing to exercise all reasonable forbearance.

"I pored over this work for many weeks, at the expense of my eyes and bodily health, from the confinement and close application. I believe the pay allowed me was equal to any in the trade, yet, I found it scanty enough; however, by most rigid parsimony, I had contrived, at the end of half a year, to save ten pounds. About two months before that, I had advice of my Mary being safely delivered of a daughter, and that both were doing well. I lost [illegible] re-

mitting the ten pounds to her, and requesting her to keep up her spirits, for that I expected soon to be able to claim and acknowledge her in public for my wife, as she always was in my heart and affections.

"My employer, who began to be much pleased with my services, now proposed to publish my poems. When published, their success exceeded his expectations; indeed, he had used every possible method to push them into notice. The edition, which, to be sure, was but small, was all nearly sold off, not many weeks after the time of their appearance.

"One Saturday afternoon, my employer invited me to dine with him at his country box, and after the cloth was removed, he paid me down thirty pounds, as the proceeds of my volume, telling me, that there were still several accounts to settle, and some copies on hand, which might produce me ten pounds more.

"I had, by this time, saved other ten pounds, and thinking it a fit opportunity to consult my kind employer, I gave

him my full confidence relative to my situation. He had gained my esteem, and his advice, on the present occasion, proved both his good sense and the kindness of his heart.

" 'I see,' said he, 'you cannot be happy until you have made your Mary, what the world terms, *an honest woman*. It is right in you to do so; marry her, if you please, but do not yet bring her up to London. By the time that you have furnished a lodging and other necessaries for her accommodation, you will be pennyless; besides, these lodgings will cost you higher, and how can you afford this from your present income? I am astonished how you could have managed to save what you have already done. In the meantime, (now that I know something of your literary qualifications), if you can think of any subject likely to take with the public, and are inclined to try your pen at leisure hours, I will again take the risk of publication, and it may help you a little.'

" I thanked this [illegible] for his advice

and friendly intentions towards me; but feeling that I could not be happy while the partner of my heart remained in her present situation, I told him that I was strongly inclined to go down to Scotland to see her, and, if possible, prevail upon her father to give us some little assistance, which he was able to do. I mentioned my reluctance to leave my present situation, without his assurance that it would be kept open for me on my return. My employer said, that as my heart was set upon this visit, it might be accomplished when the work now in hand was finished, and that I might rely on his kindness and good will. At length, with joyful heart, I left the Thames.

" How often did I chide the winds for slumbering in their caverns, as I viewed the sail flapping on the mast during my passage! and when the blue hills of my native land rose in the horizon, I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might reach the spot where my heart had long hovered.—On landing, I felt that it was impossible

to rest till I had arrived at the place of my destination, and when I approached near it, my heart throbbed, and my sensations were almost indescribable. I reached her father's house in the twilight, and expected to have heard her warbling some of the simple airs that had so often thrilled through my bosom. I entered the kitchen, the servant maid knew me—started—looked confused, and, without speaking, pointed to an adjoining bed-closet. Alarmed, I rushed in, and found my Mary stretched upon a couch.

"An epidemical fever had broken out in the village, of which many had died, and my Mary was now near the crisis of her disorder. She talked incessantly; often calling upon me, and sometimes her child. Let me close the scene!—during that and two succeeding days and nights, I left not her bedside for half an hour at a time. On the second day she recovered her senses, recognized me, and fainted away. Again she opened her eyes [illegible] her arms,

seized my hands, and pulled me to her bosom. She then called for her child (for they had prudently sent the little innocent from the house), and insisted upon its being brought to her. When it was brought, she kissed and clasped it to her breast, and then, with a kind of convulsive smile, placed it in my arms as I sat upon her bed-side. I kissed the helpless infant with all the ardour of paternal fondness, and saluting the mother, called her my dearly beloved wife. She smiled with a look so benignant and resigned, that all present burst into tears. She then sat up in her bed, seized my arm and put it round her waist—leaned her head upon my breast—laid my other hand upon her heart, and pressed it in her own. In about two hours after, she heaved her last breath upon my cheek!

"Hitherto I had felt no bodily fatigue; but now, want of rest and agitation of spirits, all combined with the miasma which I had imbibed; and I became seriously ill. When the day arrived that she was to be interred,

I was in a delirium, but memory still dwelt on what had happened. I saw, through the window, the company assembled to the funeral, but only recollected the purpose of their meeting when I beheld her coffin carried away. Having been left for a few minutes alone, I jumped from the bed, and following them, clasped the coffin in my arms, then cried like a child, upbraiding them as monsters for carrying away my wife. I was forced back, and put to bed; where, on recovering my senses, I recollected all that had happened. I wished to die, but nature and a good constitution prevailed, and I recovered just in time to lay my little daughter beside her hapless mother. I saw one turf cover them both; and mentally accused Heaven of injustice, for not laying me beside them."

Here the poor fellow sobbed aloud. I thought of Maria B., and could with difficulty forbear accompanying him, while, at the same time, I envied him the melancholy pleasure of having received his Mary's last breath! Having regained his composure, he [illegible]

"I was now more anxious, if possible, to leave Scotland than I had before been to tread its shores. I visited my parents; stopped one day; started next morning by day-break; sought the church-yard where my wife and daughter slept quietly together—shed a parting tear on their grave—took the direct road for Leith, and setting sail, never once looked behind me while I believed it possible that a spot of Scottish ground was in sight.

"I have been so tedious in the foregoing part of my narrative, that I shall endeavour to avoid farther descriptions of my feelings, and confine myself to the chances and changes that have occurred to me during my residence here; for since that time I have never visited Scotland.

"I took possession of my former lodgings, and again resumed my sedentary and tiresome occupation. For two years after this, I continued a stranger to the world, and to almost every dweller therein, except my worthy employer, some of his principal servants, and one or two printers in the city.

I had now, by industry and economy, scraped together a trifle, and conceived that I might live a little more comfortably. My employer continued to treat me as an humble friend, and shewed me many little acts of kindness.

"I changed my lodgings, and found myself very comfortable in my new habitation. My landlord was conductor of a newspaper, and consequently a man of some intelligence. His wife was an agreeable woman, and I spent some pleasant evenings in their company. Part of the first floor was occupied by a smart, active woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age, a milliner and dress-maker. There was something in her features, and also in the tone of her voice, that never failed to remind me of my departed Mary. She had drunk tea once or twice in my company, and possessed the art of making herself agreeable. For these reasons she drew more of my attention than usual, and I, no doubt, endeavoured to obtain some share of her notice. But to be brief; this was [illegible] y my land-

lord and landlady, and they joked me a little upon the discovery. I took an opportunity soon after, of inquiring about her character, for I felt that she had gained a share of my esteem. My landlady represented her as good natured, well behaved, and industrious, with an apparently good business. I sought opportunities to be in her company; wooed, and won her consent. We were married, and I believed I had got a kind and pleasant partner for life.

"My little savings were now nearly expended, to render our situation something more respectable; and the surplus was laid out in extending my wife's business, which, she assured me, was thriving and profitable. 'A month—a little month' had not elapsed since our union, and the honey-moon still shone in meridian splendour, when coming home one evening, rather more early than usual, I met a military officer leaving my door. I supposed he might have been ordering something in the way of business, and should

have forgotten the circumstance, had not my wife appeared a little fluttered at my entrance. I never was of a jealous disposition, and the occurrence soon escaped my recollection. About a week after, when at dinner, I had taken a proof sheet from my pocket to look over, and inadvertently left it in the room at my departure. As it was wanted by the compositor in the evening, I went home to fetch it. Just as I was coming out, the same military spark was entering my lodgings; I stared him broad in the face, and imagined that he looked confusedly. Evil thoughts did certainly now begin to haunt me, and I could not banish the circumstance from my mind during the evening. When I came home, I resolved to inquire about him; but my wife was so cheerful, sportive, and full of gentle blandishment, that I became ashamed of my suspicions, and, before retiring to bed, had actually forgotten that such a being existed. After supper, my wife told me, that she had that day sent in a lady's account [illegible] to fifty pounds,

but that the lady was in the country, and would not be home for two days to come; that, unfortunately, she had a bill of one hundred and fifty pounds due to-morrow, and she was afraid of not having quite so much ready cash: 'however,' said she, opening a small bureau, and handing me a parcel of notes and some gold, 'have the goodness, my love, to reckon these over.' I did so, and told her there were just one hundred and thirty pounds. 'Ah! now, there is twenty pounds short—what shall I do, my love?' I had ten pounds which I gave her, saying, it was all I had. 'Now,' said she, 'we must borrow the other ten; and, as I know our landlord has it not, for he borrowed a guinea from me to-day, to be paid on Saturday, could you not ask it from your employer? You know I can pay it the moment Lady R * * * * returns.' In short, Sir, although I felt considerable reluctance, she got me persuaded; and I procured the money, which I sent to her by a porter early in the forenoon. On going home to dinner, I found my wife absent; the

two girls, who used to be with her in the shop, were both flurried, and appeared to have been crying. 'What is become of your mistress?' said I. Neither of them spoke, and I repeated my question—'Gone out, Sir!' 'When?' 'About two hours ago.' 'With whom, or where?' 'With a gentleman!' 'A gentleman!—what gentleman?' 'Captain Coventry, Sir—whom you have seen here!' Alas! the truth now flashed upon me—I had been duped and dishonoured by a strumpet. I ran to her drawers, found them empty, and all the lightest and most valuable goods in the shop carried off, including my watch, which I always allowed to hang in her apartment. It is hardly possible to describe my feelings; but I had still much more to undergo. Her elopement was soon blazed abroad, and, next day, an execution was laid on the house; the rumour spreading brought the rest of the creditors upon me, and, when the amount of her debts was ascertained, I found that there would not be one shilling in the pound to pay them. Exclusive of the

shop debts, she had, the day before, succeeded in borrowing upwards of one hundred pounds, and the shop (as I have already said) was nearly plundered.

" In this distressing situation, I applied to my worthy master for advice. He met my creditors, and, by his friendly exertion and influence, got them persuaded to discharge me. All this happened in the course of one week, and I had now made up my mind to forget her for ever.

" I am not superstitious, but conscience still tells me, that, in this instance,

> ——— even handed justice
> Returned the poisoned chalice to my lips.

" When the recollection of this event comes across my memory, there is a still small voice that whispers, my lovely Mary's wrongs have been revenged!

" The vexation, not to say anguish of mind, which I had undergone, affected my health, and threw me into a fever. The kindness of my employer, and the humanity of my neighbours, kept me from perish-

ing. I was for some time delirious, and when I recovered my senses, it was to reflections, which I would willingly have banished at the expense of life itself. It was long before I regained sufficient strength of body and mind to resume my usual labours; therefore, instead of discharging the debts which I had incurred for this infamous jilt, I was much farther in arrears to my worthy master, who had procured me a nurse, physician, and every thing necessary to my situation. He saw me still sinking in despondency, and tried every possible means to raise my spirits. He proposed a translation which would occupy me for a considerable time, and produce a more liberal remuneration for my labour. Some months had passed away, and neither my health nor spirits had yet resumed their wonted tone. The translation was begun; it gave much satisfaction; and I began to feel a pleasure in the work, in the hope that it would have a good effect upon my mind. Existence, although it possessed no charms for me, now passed without pain, and I began to hope,

that the remainder of my life would be spent in the service of this worthy man; but, just as I was indulging this flattering dream, he was suddenly taken ill, and died on the third day after. I saw him laid in the grave, and dropped a tear of gratitude on the dust that covered his remains. His business being closed, and the shop shut up, what was I now to do? I had finished about a dozen of sheets of the translation—no settlement had taken place be tween my departed friend and me—neither had we fixed on any price for the work—a debt of twenty pounds appeared against me in his books, and I was almost pennyless. His heirs, in a manner, referred it to myself, whether he was indebted to me beyond the sum above mentioned. I told them that no terms had been entered into for the work I had in hand, but that I did not conceive him indebted to me at all; and farther, that I owed his memory a debt of respect and gratitude which I would cherish through life. They closed my account in the books, made me a present of ten pounds,

and took my receipt in full of all demands.

"I was now nearly as helpless as when I first entered this great metropolis, and almost as ignorant what plan to adopt. I offered my services to sundry booksellers, and in different capacities, but without success. Time ran on; my last guinea was changed; and I was shuddering at the prospect before me, when the publisher of an opposition newspaper proposed taking me into his service. We agreed for six months, and during that time I saw many strange things. Keen were the satires, and bitter the tirades, which we vented against ministry, and the virulence of our paper was every day encreasing. A considerable part of the original matter was furnished by me, and the remainder by a man, who lived so secretly, that only my employer knew his name and place of residence. A philippic appeared in the paper, which was deemed libellous—the Attorney-General exercised his authority, and my prudent employer, to save himself from fine and imprisonment, gave up the

author the obscure individual above mentioned, who was dragged from his den and cast into confinement. I resolved immediately upon quitting the toils of a man who might, perhaps, next day serve me in the same manner; and although I had no prospect but beggary before me, yet I preferred even that, with liberty, to the chance of pining in a dungeon.

"This honourable patriot—this stickler for the liberties of his country—exercised all his rhetoric to induce me to continue in his service, but I was inflexible—he had dropped the mask, and I told him that I would never again trust one whom I knew to be so void of principle.

"I had another reason for wishing to quit my present employer. Hitherto I had written and acted from principle, and my political creed was Whiggism; but the editor of the paper, in which I had been concerned, was always for going much farther than I was inclined to accompany him, and often substituted abuse for argument. We parted—I was pennyless, and without

any prospect of employment, when chance threw me in the way of the editor of a ministerial paper. He offered me terms which were equal to my hopes, but the conditions involved such a dereliction of principle, that I hesitated about accepting them. The editor ridiculed my scruples; necessity forced me to compliance; and I became the staunch advocate of every ministerial measure, and a violent opposer of the principles which, a few weeks before, I had most warmly defended. Still I was displeased with myself as an apostate and a hypocrite, for my opinions were not changed, and I sunk every day in my own estimation.

"This was the commencement of my ruin; when a man has lost his own esteem, he is posting to degradation or insignificancy. Although I had never been a violent Whig, yet the style and sentiments in which I was now obliged to write, were so opposite to my principles, that conscience always accused me; and if I had had any acquaintances, I would have been ashamed to have looked them in the face. I lost my appetite, and my sleep

was interrupted by perturbed dreams. Every paragraph that I penned was wrung from me with reluctance, and I considered it as an additional record of my own infamy.

"I had determined upon resigning my situation, and taking the risk of poverty and all its concomitant evils, when, one morning, a porter brought me a card, intimating that a gentleman wished to see me at the Bedford Coffee-house. On going thither, I found the person, who was a Whig, an emissary of one whose name had long been famous in the annals of the day; and it was settled that an interview should take place between me and his employer. I went, and was closeted with the great man, who engaged me to write a political pamphlet upon a certain subject, which was then the topic of public discussion; for which purpose he furnished me with materials, and some very excellent arguments. I now, with pleasure, renounced my former situation; sat down to my new employment *con amore*, and succeeded beyond my expectations. Perhaps my ardour was inspired,

not only by my conviction, that what I was writing was truth, but also by penitence for my previous apostacy, and anxiety to make reparation. The work, when finished, received my patron's most unqualified approbation. It was published, admired, and abused in the different Coffee-houses, and attributed to half the leaders of the opposition party. My patron rewarded me with ten guineas, and a promise of hearing from him in a short time. Several weeks passed on without my getting employment, and my heart grew heavy in proportion as my purse became light. I summoned up courage enough to wait upon the great man, and solicited his influence and assistance in procuring me some permanent situation. This he promised very frankly; but time stole on, and I only met with disappointment.

" Having now got so deeply into debt, that I durst no longer venture out, I wrote a supplicating letter, stating my necessities, and my having renounced a situation, which, although against my principles,

had afforded me the means of subsistence, and begged of him to save me from prison. I stated the amount of my debts, and he was generous enough to comply with my request, by transmitting a sufficient sum to discharge them, leaving a surplus of about five guineas; but intimated, that he could make no regular provision for me.

"I now wrote a political poem—a most virulent satire against Ministers; dedicated it to a celebrated oppositionist, and sent him a copy; for this I received five guineas. This supply was soon exhausted, and I again besieged the doors of my patrons, but could never find either of them *at home;* and I now experienced the truth of Gay's observation:

"The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care."

"Again in debt, and starving, I became a misanthrope—left London, and joined a set of strolling players, with whom I contrived to protract my existence for twelve months. Nature had not qualified me for either sock or buskin—and when the company broke up, I returned to London.

"My patron being now in power, I again solicited his protection; obtained an interview, and had a subject prescribed for my pen. The task was executed, but not to his satisfaction; for, my thoughts, he said, were too free, and my principles incompatible with good order; in short, I was not the same man that he formerly knew me. Alas! his situation was changed; but mine, as well as my opinions, was the same. The pamphlet was remodelled to his own standard, and after receiving a promise of something being done for me, I took my leave, and, doubtless, was immediately forgotten; for I never after could obtain access to him. I wrote to him often, until at last my letters were returned unopened.

"I now became a mere mercenary Swiss in literature; hiring myself out, not to the *best*, but generally to the *first* bidder; for my necessities rendered delay impracticable. I wrote political pasquinades and election songs, composed eastern tales, or propounded mathematical questions for magazines. A catch-penny bookseller employed me to

translate a novel from the French; but he became bankrupt when I was within a few sheets of the conclusion; however, I sold the translation for three guineas. Having caught something of the spirit of novel-writing, during the above-mentioned translation, I attempted an original work, and, surrounded on all sides by wretchedness, cold, famine, and bailiffs, I wrote at least sixteen hours every day. As necessity made me temperate, my head was always clear, and my conceptions vivid. Having finished my work, I, one dark night, stole out, like a hunted badger from his hole; left my work with an eminent novel-publisher for perusal; called again, and received ten guineas for the performance. I hastened home with my prize, cancelled my debts, and got gloriously drunk with the surplus.

"You will not be surprised when I say, that I again got into debt; and, as a natural progression, into jail. I will not shock your feelings with what I witnessed and endured in that horrible sink of wretchedness, where profaneness, obscenity, blasphemy, and

every species of vice, reigned triumphant. During the six weeks I lay there, I do not think that I slept two hours successively—

"Oh! 'twas a dreadful interval of time!"

"My creditor, finding that nothing was to be gained by my confinement, at length set me at large. Although I had no prospect before me but misery and want, yet, I felt an elasticity, both of body and mind, on finding myself at liberty to retire from what I had considered as no faint emblem of the infernal regions.

"During my peregrinations, I had become known to many politicians on both sides; my political aberrations were as public as my face, and having lost the confidence of both parties, I could find no permanent employment. I attempted another novel; subsisting, in the mean time, upon an essay, a satire, or perhaps an atrocious murder, which was never committed but in my imagination. I once procured five shillings for a dreadful relation of a ghost, which had alarmed half the coast of Cornwall; although

it had never been seen or heard of beyond the precincts of my garret, until I sent forth the wonderful relation to the world. I see a smile, mingled with contempt, upon your face, and I excuse it: Judge no man, unless you know the strength of his temptations. The credulous would read and wonder; but they were pleased, and I had my dinner. Had I sat down and composed a rational essay, attempting to eradicate their credulity, I could not have sold it, and must have fasted.

"Were it not that there is so much manual labour in novel-writing, I find it, at present, the easiest of all literary subjects. This is a novel-reading age, and the appetite still grows with what it feeds on: *quantity*, and not *quality*, is required. It is quite unnecessary, either to study nature in drawing characters, or probability in the adventures. Romantic heroes, ruined castles with secret caverns, endless descriptions and mawkish sentiment, long formed the constituent parts. Private scandal is found to answer as well. Read your characters into the fa-

shionable scenes of dissipation, and let them be described in the most glaring and licentious manner. With a professed reverence for virtue, let the volumes teem with attractive pictures of vice, which the author must pronounce to be disgusting, excusing himself with the well-known but sophistical couplet of Pope:

> "Vice is a monster of such ugly mien,
> As to be hated, needs but to be seen!"

If he act upon this plan, he will succeed with the mob. It is true, taste and good sense will spurn his trash; but they will be purchased by the proprietors of Circulating Libraries, and the purpose of the mercenary author is obtained. This last species I have never attempted; and my employer has of course informed me, that I am too dull for the present day. I am at work upon one just now, which will be finished in about two or three weeks—if I can keep so long out of prison; for, to confess the truth at once,

> "Hungry ruin has me in the wind."

"With you, my dear Sir, it is needless to affect disguise. Ever since the death of my worthy friend the bookseller, and, more particularly, since my political apostacy, I have been gradually sinking in my own estimation. My mind and heart are still the mansions of virtue; but, alas! I cannot illustrate my principles by practice. I neither steal nor swindle. Ever since the elopement of my milliner, I have renounced all connexion with her sex. Still, I am very far from being a good man, or a practical philosopher. I am a sensualist, an epicure in eating when I can, and a slave to the bottle, even to intoxication.

"Necessity, while she taught me how to live where others would starve, rendered me improvident and careless of the future; and it is she alone that can oblige me to be temperate. I have lived for weeks upon brown bread and small beer, sometimes water; and the moment that my finances would purchase as much, have regaled myself with a plumb-pudding and a bottle of port, till the world and all its cares were

forgotten. I know well, that all this is wrong; but the habit, I fear, is confirmed; and the remonstrances of reason are incapable of making me act with prudence, far less with rigid economy.

"For a week past, an empty pocket has forced me to exercise a temperance, which would do credit to the Monks of La Trappe. This morning, some ephemeral productions suited to the day, produced me a guinea; and, although at the hazard of my liberty, I sallied out in search of some one to assist me in banishing that care which I am unable to vanquish alone, and whose company would give additional relish to my dinner, and improve the flavour of my wine. My kind stars have indulged me with the unexpected pleasure of your company, for which I proffer my best thanks. Do not reckon the time lost: although you have no occasion for the lesson yourself, my life may be a striking *memento* to others, and you have my full liberty to relate my melancholy tale (suppressing my name) whereever you think it can be useful. My fatal

deviation from rectitude, which degraded me from my rank in the country, and sent me to London, may be stated as the radical error on my part, from which my subsequent vicissitudes have followed, as a chain of necessary consequences.

"I have often thought of publishing my own adventures, for the benefit of fond parents and foolish children.

"Had my father bound me an apprentice to an expert mechanic, or taught me to guide the plough, and given me the money expended in keeping me at college to purchase tools, or assist in stocking a few acres of a farm, I might have been an useful member of society—the father of a family—and a husband, loving and beloved. Instead of this, what am I now? Useless to the world and to myself, I constitute no part of society, and render no service to others. My intellectual talents are in a certain degree prostituted; for I can discover no plan of exercising them more honourably, that will bring me remuneration. The only virtue

to which I lay claim as an author, is merely negative—that of writing in a less licentious manner than my employers wish, and for which I would be better paid; but I have resolved, that if the world will not enable me to stand forth the champion of virtue, I shall never become the auxiliary of vice. I have long lived in obscurity, and shall soon sink into oblivion. No tie unites me to society—I have formed no friendship—and love has no place in my heart. I shall leave the world without regret, for I know that no tear will drop upon my tomb—nor will even a sigh be heard over my grave. You may, perhaps, from this accidental meeting, think of me when I am no more. I feel that you cannot respect me, for I have long ceased to respect myself. Pity, if you can, but do not despise me. I struggled long, endeavouring to rise above my misfortunes; and, for a considerable time past, it has required all my exertion to keep myself from sinking under them.

"We shall now, if you please, finish our

bottle—settle the bill—and part, most probably, to meet no more in this world."

The poor man was quite dejected. Melancholy recollections and painful anticipations had sunk his spirits. I felt, by sympathy, that his chequered tale had affected mine, and began gently to remonstrate with him, arguing, that he might do better, by attempting to teach either in town or country. But he still repeated, that he had lost his own esteem; that he now wanted steadiness, and was afraid that intellectual derangement, or, at least, a species of melancholy and mental imbecility, would ultimately be his fate.

When the bill was brought in, a warm dispute ensued—he threw down his guinea, and insisted upon its being expended; this I was equally decided in opposing. He argued, that he came out with the resolution of spending it, and that had he not been fortunate enough to have met me, it would have been dissipated in less worthy company; besides, I had accompanied him on his express invitation. I succeeded, however, in

obtaining leave to settle the bill; begged of him to think of retiring to the country, and trying a school; in short, said every thing I thought likely to have an effect upon his mind; took his address, and inquiring the amount of his present debts, which was a trifle, slipped double the sum into his hands at parting, and hastened to my lodgings.

The melancholy situation of him whom I had just left, haunted me for great part of the night: I knew his abilities to be beyond mediocrity, and had no doubt of his principles being what he professed. And such, said I mentally, might have been my situation. I have been more fortunate—but am almost as useless in the world; yet, I am more respectable, and will still endeavour to be of some benefit to society.

CHAPTER XXX.

Think you a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

SHAKSPEARE.

NEXT day, while I was walking over the Exchange, looking for an attorney with whom I had some business, my old friend, the Captain of the Hebe, tapped me on the shoulder, with, "What cheer, my friend?" After an exchange of compliments, I engaged to dine with him.—During dinner, he told me that he would be ready to sail in three days, and pressed me to accompany him. I replied, that if

I could get my business finished, it would give me great pleasure to take another trip with him. Upon returning to my lodgings, it occurred to me that this would be a good opportunity for Mrs Fenwick. I therefore called upon her, and found that she was ready to leave London, having succeeded in the object of her journey.

Mr Davenport advised her to embrace the offer, which would be a very considerable saving. Though somewhat afraid of the voyage, she consented; 'as, in my company,' she said, 'she would not consider herself entirely among strangers.'

On the morning of our departure, Mr Davenport and some other friends accompanied us to the wharf, and we went down the river in a boat, as the Hebe had dropped down with the tide. On coming on board, we found an old lady, her son and daughter, with a maid-servant; a clergyman, and a young surgeon, all cabin passengers; a recruiting sergeant, an invalid private of the artillery, and a soldier's widow, in the steerage; the widow apparently in the last

stage of pregnancy. After we had all got on board, Captain L. told us, that we must cast lots for beds; the ladies for the beds in *their* cabin, and the gentlemen for those in *theirs*. This was strenuously opposed by the old lady, her daughter, and the Clergyman, who insisted, that having been first on board, and having made choice of beds, they were determined to retain them. "What!" said the Captain, "a mutiny on board, before we are fairly at sea! who commands here—you or I?" The old lady and her daughter, eyeing Mrs Fenwick rather contemptuously, told him, that if they had expected any such company, they would have engaged the whole cabin to themselves. "'Tis too late to talk of that now, Ma'am," returned the Captain. "Well, Captain, we keep our beds, that's flat!" "Madam, the regulations of the ship are fixed, and cannot be departed from on any account." "Captain, do you pay no respect to rank? It is really too much to be obliged to associate with people that people knows nothing of, without the mor-

tification of seeing such people better accommodated than one's self; and, therefore, let me tell you, Captain, neither I nor my daughter will submit to such usage. What do you say, Sophia? for my own part, I should feel less degradation to ride home in a stage-coach." "As you please, Ma'am—I have sailed the Hebe this half score of years, and never has man or woman on board dared to dispute my authority; therefore, if you are dissatisfied, you may yet get on shore, and I shall have the pleasure of handing you into the boat." The old lady scowled, and the young one muttered something, of which "Brute!" only was audible. "I would sooner make sail against wind and tide, said the Captain, than say an uncivil thing to a woman; but, I won't bear your Billingsgate jabber neither; therefore, don't provoke me to behave unhandsomely."—"Captain, you were recommended to us as a civil, sensible gentleman, and your vessel as one of the best for passengers, and we certainly expected the Captain to be as genteel as we find his accommoda-

tions." "Avast, Madam! with your fair-weather lingo; no palaver for me! what the d—l would you have?—Civility in the way you wish it, would be d—d incivility to every other passenger. Come, come, either draw your lot, or step into the boat this minute! I could insist upon being paid for your passage, but I despise it—we shall toss your trunks and band-boxes after you, and wish you a good voyage." "Captain, you get too warm, and as boisterous as the element you inhabit. We will not leave the Hebe, and, without saying more, shall trust to yourself for proper treatment."—"Blarney again! No respect of persons in my vessel! and, d'ye hear? that there soldier's widow, whom you saw upon deck,—like a ship with a valuable cargo under hatches, a rough sea, and no pilot at the helm, must have a birth in the cabin. I would sooner run the Hebe on a lee-shore, than leave a poor defenceless widow in a situation where she may part her cable, lose her anchors, and founder, without one of her own sex in company. You talk of

your quality, about which I neither know, nor care a rope's end! I found this other lady in as respectable company in the city as you have had any day in your life, be they who they may. Share and share alike, is the rule on board the Hebe—therefore, stay or go, just as you please—only tip me no more of your palaver! Do you draw a ticket?"—and he held out a hat, containing billets, with the numbers of the beds. The mother and daughter, now seeing no alternative, drew one each, and Mrs Fenwick, who drew last, got the bed that young Madam had selected for her own sweet person. The old dame, although she frowned herself, was obliged to twitch her daughter's elbow oftener than once, to suppress the ebullition of indignation that was fermenting and fuming to burst forth. The Captain then called in the soldier's widow, spoke kindly to her, shewed her a bed, and bade her keep herself as easy as possible.

The Clergyman, having witnessed the Captain's firmness with the ladies, did not think it expedient to insist upon a prefer-

ence; therefore we drew lots for our beds; and all were, or appeared to be, satisfied.—By the time we were off Harwich, the old lady, her daughter, and servant-maid, with the Clergyman and Surgeon, were all sick; the three first exceedingly ill. Mrs Fenwick, who possessed much spirit, but without any gall in her composition, keeping quite well, tendered her services to them; while the widow also lent a hand in the kind endeavours to mitigate their sufferings; and by the exertions of these two benevolent matrons, our starched ladies were made more comfortable.—The Clergyman kept his bed, uttering lamentable groans. The Surgeon staggered about, joking and retching alternately, while the young squire laughed at them all, particularly his mother and sister.—"I know their sickness is not dangerous," said he, "and am very glad to see them humbled; I have had enough to do with their dignity before this, since we left home; now what would become of them at the present moment, were it not for Mrs Fenwick,

whom they wished to expel from the cabin; and that poor widow, on whom they disdained to let their eyes fall?" Then, tapping at the cabin door, he called out "Hollo, sister! how dost do now? Take a glass of brandy and water—there's nothing like grog! D'ye mind of Xerxes, how he whipt the sea? You know you are obeyed at home, can't you get up and lash the naughty waves for making you sick!"

Next day, the sickness began to wear off a little, and we all appeared upon deck occasionally, except the two fine ladies, and the soldier's widow, who was a little unwieldy. About noon, the Captain told us, that he was of opinion we should have a stiff gale. "However," said he, "don't be afraid, the Hebe is a tight vessel; and, provided we have sea-room, there is no danger." It now began to blow hard from the land, and the violence of the gale continued to increase. Sails flapped, blocks creaked, sailors bawled, and the ladies screamed. For twenty-four hours, we buffetted the storm, tacking from one point to another;

when the Captain, as the gale seemed to increase instead of subsiding, said, he would be obliged to run before the wind. Our prim ladies were quite clamorous to get the ship into port, and to be put upon land, wherever it might be. "Why, then," said the Captain, "it must be in Holland—so hey for it, ladies!" They pouted, sobbed, and screamed. "Come, come, ladies," said the generous Captain, "take a seaman's advice; pouting has no effect, except spoiling pretty faces; and snivelling and blubbering will only hurt your eyes: so keep yourselves easy, and let us manage our own affairs—there's no hazard of going to Davy's locker in this squall." We were now off the Dogger Bank; the gale began to subside; and, by a little after sunset, it was so perfect a calm, that we lay like a tub in a mill-pond. Having hardly enjoyed a comfortable meal for two days, we all met in the Captain's cabin, and had a social supper; our fine ladies' faces, like the weather, having recovered their serenity. We retired to bed, and had calculated upon a comfortable and quiet night; but

scarcely had we dropt asleep, when we were alarmed with loud cries and groans from the ladies' cabin. The Captain got up to inquire the cause, and was told, that the soldier's widow was in labour. Madam and her daughter were again in a violent rage; it was in vain that Mrs Fenwick solicited their assistance; they would not look at the poor woman, much less endeavour to be useful. Mrs Fenwick afterwards told us, that they closed their curtains, except when they popped out their heads to rail at the poor creature for the disturbance she was making, and at the Captain, for admitting her into the cabin. The woman was very ill: Mrs Fenwick did all that she could; but having no assistance, and being afraid to trust herself, she at length called at the cabin door, requesting the assistance of the Surgeon, or, at least, his presence. Madam and her daughter, on hearing this, redoubled their rage, and abused Mrs Fenwick for her impudent proposition, protesting, that he should not enter the cabin, and immediately one of them sprung from bed, and bolted the door. Mrs Fenwick remonstrat-

ed, but in vain; and they continued to scold with loud vociferation. When they paused to breathe, the poor woman uttered a cry which thrilled every heart.

The Captain started up, gave the cabin door a stroke with his foot, which burst it open, and pushed in the Surgeon, crying, "There! dear Sir, go and do your duty!" In a few minutes, the Surgeon returned, informing us, that nature had rendered his assistance unnecessary; as the poor woman was delivered of a fine boy, and that all was apparently well.

"Bravo!" cried our worthy Captain: "Come, messmates, let us have a can of grog for the launching feast! Turn out, turn out!" All the cabin passengers were now assembled round the table, except the Clergyman. "Come, come, Parson, get up! We all have mercies for which we ought to be thankful, and we have seen them repeated here. The gale is blown over, and, now that it is past, let me tell you, a confounded stiff one it was; the ship and crew are in safety; this poor woman, we may hope,

is now out of danger, and the King has got another subject. I have read, although I can't recollect where, that we ought to rejoice with thanksgiving, and I think the observation good, whoever said it, therefore let us adhere to the rule!"

Wine and biscuits were now sent in to the ladies, with instructions to make the poor woman in the straw as comfortable as possible. A smoking bowl of punch graced our cabin table, and grog was served out to the crew, including the Soldier and his brother invalid. As the cheerful glass went round, the Clergyman began to unbend; while the young Squire joined the Captain in some jokes, at the expense of his mother and sister; of whose conduct Jack (as we sometimes termed him) said he was ashamed: "but," added he, "you have served them rightly, Captain; I was afraid you would give way at the outset—at home no one dares speak to them but myself; for mother is an old tabby-cat, and sister a poor proud peahen: I hope God will forgive me for speaking the truth of my own flesh and blood."

Next morning, we learned that the fine ladies, who still kept up their dignity, not only refused to lend the smallest assistance, but would not even look at the child. The poor mother not being provided with clothing for her infant, Mrs Fenwick had to rummage her own scanty stores, and make such temporary furnishings as the emergency would permit; for the fine ladies declined supplying a single article; and although the only pair of scissars in the cabin belonged to them, yet they decidedly refused to lend them on the present occasion. The servant maid, who kindly parted with an under petticoat, stole out, and procured a pair of coarse scissars from one of the crew. The Squire exposed the behaviour of his relations upon deck, where they were saluted with jokes of no very delicate kind, the first time they made their appearance there.

We had now all recovered from the effects of the late alarm, and sickness had vanished; but the calm still continuing, we lay nearly as motionless as a vessel in the har-

bour. The life which the soldier's widow had so long led, had inured her to fatigue and privations much greater than she was now suffering, and on the present occasion, she had been so well taken care of, that she was recovering rapidly. When we were all at dinner one day, the Captain thus addressed the Clergyman:

"We have a nameless stranger on board, which, I can't say, is a thing I over much like; however, that, you know, is not the poor little fellow's blame: but, suppose, Sir, we should have him baptized this afternoon?" "I have nothing to say to that, Captain; why do you address yourself to me?" "Because it falls to you to perform that office to him." "What! would you wish me to profane the ordinance of the church, by administering it to one who is a bastard, for any thing I know?" "We shall clear that shallow in a jiffie," said the Captain, and immediately popped into the ladies' cabin, but soon returned, exhibiting a certificate, in which it was mentioned that the mother was a soldier's widow—that her

husband had died in the hospital—and that she was returning to her relations in Scotland. "There, Sir," said the Captain, putting it into the Clergyman's hand, "run your eye over that! "Well, but Captain, still I do not know that she is a member of our church." "We have nothing to do with *she!* I am talking of *he*, who belongs to no church—can you refuse to make him a Christian? His mother has nothing to do in the matter, although, I dare say, she will thank you for the service. As he came into this sinful world on board my vessel, I shall become sponsor for him, and will also have him named after me; that is, if his mother has no particular objections."

The Clergyman still declining to administer the ordinance, the Captain exclaimed: "Bless your heart, reverend Sir, think when or how this child can be baptized, if you persist in refusing. In addition to the dangers incident to its age, there are the haps and hazards of an apparently tedious voyage, then a long and painful journey

over land, and, after all this, may not every other Parson plead off in the same manner as you do? I do not wish to bully you into the thing, but am anxious that you should perform what I conceive to be your duty." "Well, well," said the Parson, "I believe it can be done with a safe conscience, though not quite consistently with the rules of the church." Up sprang the warm-hearted Captain, ran to the mother, and told her to prepare for the ceremony, which he insisted should be performed in the ladies' cabin. In a short time we all adjourned thither, where the mother of the infant thanked the generous Captain for his proffers to her child, whom she would most willingly have named after him—but she had promised to her husband, on his death-bed, that if she brought forth a boy, he should bear his father's name. "Right—excellent!" cried the Captain: "God forbid that I should cause you to break a promise so much to your credit! but, suppose we give the little chap both names, he can be nothing the worse. What was his father's name?" "Allan." "And mine

is Angus—both good Caledonian names: have you any objections to call him Allan Angus?" The mother, who felt the kindness of the Captain in this instance, having been under previous obligations to him, gave a ready acquiescence, upon condition that she was allowed to stand joint sponsor with him, expressing her hopes that Providence would spare her for the future protection and instruction of her child.

When the ceremony was performed, and a glass of wine drunk to the health of the mother, and the future prosperity of her infant son, the worthy Parson said, " so far this is well—but wishes alone will not help the mother to get forward, who, when she parts from us, I understand, has a good way to travel. Now, as you have prevailed upon me to begin my duty, I must endeavour to bring it to a proper conclusion. We are only empty professors, if we content ourselves with saying, 'be ye warmed, be ye fed,' without giving what is needful." On saying this, the Parson took up a plate, put a guinea into it, and continued,

" the company have already shewn humanity sufficient to convince me that they will not refuse, according to their abilities, to contribute something as a temporary provision for this infant and helpless stranger, whom Providence has, in so peculiar a manner, cast upon our care." " Thank ye, Parson—thank-ye !" said the Captain, with so hearty a shake by the hand, that he almost dislocated his arm; then putting down five guineas, observed to the company, that he now stood related to the boy, and therefore his donation was no rule to them. Every gentleman put down a guinea, and Mrs Fenwick the same sum. Our two dignified ladies were beginning a speech, the exordium of which did not seem favourable to the little stranger, when their brother interrupted them with, " Fye, mother ! shame sister !—give, or do not give, as you please, 'tis all one—if you do not, I shall put down double for each of you, and deduct it at first settlement between us. You know, mother, you can easily save it, by keeping just one night from cards with

Mrs Love, who cheats you out of fifty times this sum in a season; and you, sister, will make a profit by bestowing your present generosity, if you can prevail upon yourself to stay from the theatre one week, and thus save the price of your tickets and coach hire!' Both ladies were in a violent passion; old Madam's neck swelled and coloured like the gills of a turkey cock; and the young lady's eyes flashed so keenly, that had only a gentle smile played about her mouth, and her tongue been tuned to softer strains, she might have made the young Surgeon's heart ache. At last, tossing down a couple of guineas, the young lady said, that she would have paid ten times the sum rather than have had the disturbance she had already met with, and was still likely to endure, from a nasty squalling brat; but she trusted that a few days would now part them for ever."

"Really, sister," replied the Squire, "I condole with you in what you have suffered; but, take comfort—for as you seem to have so fixed an aversion to children, you

have strong grounds for consolation, in reflecting that they will give you little trouble through life:—if you only contrive to keep always in the same humour that you have exhibited since you came on board, I can promise that you will not be troubled with any brats of your own!'

"Brother, you are a brute! void of feeling and good manners!" "And you are my sister!" returned he.

This courteous retort was too much, and she burst into tears. The poor widow, who was the innocent cause of this altercation, appeared very much distressed upon the occasion; and while she thanked the company for the many favours she had experienced from them, begged that they would return the two guineas to the ladies; for the bounty of her other friends would be more than sufficient to support her until she reached her native spot—she had never yet solicited charity, and while she could possibly subsist otherwise, she would not extort favours from any one. "Very fair," said the Clergyman, "a spirit of inde-endence among our peasantry ought to be

prized and cherished; it adds to their own happiness, and to the national prosperity—however, this, although a laudable pride, may be carried too far, and, like every other virtue, its extreme may degenerate into vice. It must be admitted, that this lady has forgotten the delicacy of her sex, and spoken rudely; but let us hope, that she will yet see her errors, and forsake them, imitating Him 'who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not.' In the meantime, take this, (putting the money into the widow's lap); continue to do your duty as a parent and a good member of society, and I hope you will have much comfort in your son."

We retired to our own cabin to finish the humours of a christening at sea. The Captain was all vivacity, hospitality, and good humour; the Parson became very pleasant; the Squire and Surgeon supported their share in the conversation; and, before we parted, I believe we all considered ourselves as members of the same family.

Light winds having sprung up, the vessel was again getting into her proper course,

when, next morning about sun-rising, the Captain spied a strange sail, which he conceived bore a rather suspicious appearance. Upon observing her for some time, we discovered that she was gaining fast upon us, and the Captain told us, that he was convinced she was a French privateer.

A council of war was held; and as the Hebe was armed with six guns and two stern-chasers, the Captain said that he was sorry for this ugly meeting, which would frighten the ladies, for he could not answer either to his employers or his own conscience in surrendering the Hebe without making all the resistance that prudence might dictate. No time was to be lost—he therefore invited all of us to assist in defence of our liberty, for which we should be armed with muskets, cutlasses, &c. There was no doubt that the general safety could be promoted only by unanimity; however, if any gentleman wished to decline fighting, he might retire, and comfort Madam and her daughter. In the meantime, he

requested the Clergyman to go down and inform them what was likely to take place, that they might, as far as possible, be spared any sudden alarm. One and all of us declared our readiness to stand or fall with the Captain, and to act as he directed, conceiving that we had some chance of escape, which was better than tamely submitting to be carried prisoners to France. "Thank you, gentlemen!" said the Captain, "now, let us prepare for action."

The artilleryman took charge of the guns, the rest of the passengers were armed with muskets; and a store of pikes were placed beside us, in the event of their attempting to board us.

Although willing and even resolved upon fighting, should it be necessary, yet, I must confess, I was half afraid of being seized with an ague-fit at the onset; however I was persuaded, that, once fairly engaged, my courage would grow with the occasion. A message was now delivered from our two fine ladies by the Clergyman, requesting the Captain to ransom the vessel, of which

they would pay any reasonable proportion; for that they were sure to die with terror the moment an action commenced.

"They may go—whistle!" cried the Captain, "and we to our posts. In the meantime, it is lucky that we have got a surgeon on board, who had better step down to the ladies, and get his tackle in order, that he may be ready to splice a limb if necessary." "I hope to shatter two Frenchmen's first," said this gallant son of Esculapius.

The Parson said, that he had neither principle nor inclination for fighting, but if the present action took place, as it would be in self-defence, he would do his best, and was only sorry that his skill was inadequate to render that efficient assistance which he wished.

Our guns were all loaded, and the privateer was fast bearing down upon us; which we found to be of far superior force, and her decks covered with men. Captain L. said, that there was some chance of our disabling her, and then making our escape. The vessels being now very near each other,

the privateer fired a gun across our bow, and we bore up and lay along-side, within half a cable's length of the enemy. Seeing our determination, she poured a broadside into the Hebe, which did some damage.—We returned the compliment immediately, and found that it threw the crew of the privateer into confusion; and before they could return it, we gave them another; but this they repaid with interest, for it cut up our bowsprit and killed our brave gunner. Captain L. still unwilling to yield, gave and received another broadside, by which our rigging was very much injured; and upon this he said, that we must strike to prevent further bloodshed, as prolonging the contest could do no good. By this time a splinter from the mast had wounded me in the cheek and lacerated the Parson's ear, and a poor fellow, serving at the guns, had his arm broke above the elbow by a musket ball. The serjeant had taken his station in the maintop, and plied them with musketry pretty successfully.

"Our colours were immediately struck,

and in a few minutes we were boarded by the French Captain and about a dozen of his crew. He appeared to be in a violent rage; but, on pausing a little, he gave us great credit for the manly resistance we had made; indeed, we afterwards found him a brave and reasonable man. Although I spoke French very indifferently, I was appointed interpreter. The Frenchman at first intended scuttling the Hebe, but finding she had a valuable cargo on board, he resolved to carry her into Dunkirk. When we went down to the cabin, we found Mrs Fenwick assisting the surgeon, who was setting the sailor's arm, having been fortunate enough to extract the ball. Upon making inquiry after our two fine ladies, we found, that the one had fainted, and the other was in hysterics. The soldier's widow was bustling about with the child in her arms, and rendering assistance to all whom she saw in distress. The Parson was deputed to wait upon Madam and her daughter, and, if they were capable of attending to his information, to communicate the news of our cap-

ture, in such a manner as his own judgment might suggest.

When the French Captain observed that we had a surgeon on board, he said, that it was exceedingly fortunate, for his own was dangerously wounded, and he had several men in want of surgical assistance.

On learning that the ladies were a little recovered from their fright, Captain L. took his conqueror down to their cabin, and, after introducing him, recommended them to his protection. The daughter, after a glance or two at the victor, assumed courage; and, with a softness of manner that we had never seen her exhibit before, addressed him in the language of his country, complimenting him upon being a native of that kingdom whose gallantry had ever been so celebrated, and expressing her hope that they would not find him an exception: in short, she interlarded her discourse with much of that flattery and affected courtesy, which seldom fail to tickle the ears of a Frenchman.—In reply to this artful address, their unwelcome visitor made as many scrapes, bows, and shrugs,

as a dancing-master; seized the young lady by the hand, and then kissed his own.

We learned, that we were a prize to the Voltigeur privateer, Captain Jean St André, pierced for twenty guns, but carrying only twelve. The Clergyman and the young Squire were left on board the Hebe, as protectors to the ladies; while Captain L., the Surgeon, and myself, with all the crew, except the mate and a boy, were carried on board the privateer, which was in a rather unmanageable condition; but the necessary repairs on board both vessels were set about without delay.

The Hebe was given in charge to an officer and a part of the Voltigeur's crew, who, as we afterwards learned, treated the ladies with genuine French *politesse:* indeed none of us had cause to complain, for all our private property was respected. Captain St André, on observing one of his men eyeing the watch of one of the prisoners, immediately drew out a pistol, and said, it should settle the fate of any man who dared to plunder a single article.

We had passed nearly two days and a night on board the Voltigeur, and were within a few leagues of Dunkirk, with the Hebe still in company, when a gale arising after sun-set, blew us off the coast; and next morning, at day-light, we found ourselves almost in with the coast of Kent, and pursued by an English sloop of war. Captain St André told us frankly, that there was a chance of our being recaptured; but, as he was determined to act upon the defensive, there was a necessity for putting us into immediate confinement. This was done with much politeness, and the action commenced almost immediately. It continued for about half an hour; but at length the treading upon deck increased, and we heard over our heads the triumphant huzza of British sailors.

The scene was now changed: Captain St André was carried on board the sloop of war, and the prisoners in the Voltigeur were released for the purpose of following him. On crossing the deck of the sloop, I was greatly affected on seeing so much blood,

and so many brave fellows lying here and there wounded, when I heard a faint voice calling me by name. I looked around, and, by the side of a gun, saw that poor unfortunate and unhappy being, my brother-in law, weltering in his blood! He endeavoured to raise his head, but was incapable —he then held out his hand, and with a voice almost inarticulate, murmured, "Oh, forgive! forgive me!" I knelt down to raise him up—when, with a low and faltering voice, he said, "I am dying—forgive me!—your sister—my wife!" and his voice utterly failed him.—I pressed his hand, assuring him of my forgiveness.—The Surgeon told me that he could not live many minutes. He again lifted his glazed eye and fixed it on me: I leaned his head on my shoulder—he faintly muttered "happy," and, pressing my hand, closed his eyes for ever.

Our captor was Captain Delville, of the Lapwing sloop of war. The passengers of the Hebe, who had been confined on board the Voltigeur, were now conducted

to the Lapwing's cabin. Captain L. then informed Captain Delville, that some ladies and gentlemen, passengers of his, were still in the Hebe, and that, having heard nothing of them for two days, he was anxious about their safety. A Lieutenant and boat's crew were ordered out for them, and in a short time they were all brought safe on board.

When the Captain of the Lapwing was receiving his guests on deck, what was our surprise, on seeing the Lieutenant, who had conducted them on board, take Mrs Fenwick by the hand, and present her to Captain Delville, with—" my mother, Captain !" The Captain received her with much politeness, and paid her some very handsome compliments upon the character and magnanimity of her son; desiring him, at the same time, to see her, and the other passengers belonging to the Hebe, properly attended to while on board the Lapwing.—Mrs Fenwick took the liberty of mentioning the situation of the soldier's widow, and she had proper accommodation assigned to her.

Captain Delville proceeded to Harwich with his prizes. During this short voyage, he made particular inquiry respecting our treatment on board the Voltigeur, and whether any of our private property had been plundered; for, in that case, he would cause restitution to be made.—Captain L. of the Hebe assured him, that we had nothing to complain of, and that Captain St André and his crew had behaved very politely to us in every respect. This was repeated by Captain Delville to Captain St André, with the assurance that it should be reported in his favour.

We reached Harwich about midnight, and left the Lapwing next morning, being all anxious for some repose upon *terra firma*, after the fatigues, both bodily and mental, that we had recently undergone. Madam and her daughter now obtained that luxury, for which they had vainly languished since they first came on board the Hebe—a room to themselves. We went to bed early that afternoon, and rose late next morning. The Captain of the

Hebe, who lodged at the same hotel with the Squire, Clergyman, Surgeon, and myself, had brought the widow on shore, till he saw what could be done for her.

Captain L. now began to be a little low-spirited, and observed, that although the Hebe had been recaptured, yet he could not think of her in her present disabled state, without the same sensation with which he would view an old friend upon crutches; besides, he anticipated much expense and loss of time, before he could again put to sea.

It now became necessary for us to arrange some plan of returning to Scotland, being all heartily tired of the sea. A journey over land seemed to be the wish of us all, with the exception of the soldier's widow, who declared her inability, and the young Surgeon, whose silence also indicated the state of his finances. Upon talking over this matter with Captain Delville, he very humanely promised to take the widow under his protection while at Harwich, and pledged himself to get her

another passage, either from thence or from London. He had also an interview with the Surgeon, and finding him tolerably shrewd and well informed, proposed, if it suited his wishes, to get him entered in the navy, as he thought that his interest could effect this. The offer was gratefully accepted by the Surgeon, and Captain Delville was to furnish him with the necessary introduction, and despatch him for London in a day or two.

Previous to our leaving Harwich, we gave a dinner in compliment to Captain Delville and his officers, and spent a very agreeable afternoon. Our young Squire's sister seemed quite devoted to his service; and, under the disguise of gratitude for her recapture, contrived to overwhelm him with compliments, some of them fulsome enough, which did not appear to go down quite so pleasantly as the wine. Her brother whispered to me, "look how the pea-hen chuckles! If the Captain does not keep a look out, he will be in danger from a masked battery!" The Clergyman had become very soci-

able; before, we had found him a humane and good man; but it generally holds true, that common danger often produces a certain degree of union between minds otherwise little disposed to assimilate. The Surgeon, whose prospects had begun to brighten, was peculiarly cheerful. Captain L., though at first rather melancholy, resumed his usual hilarity, and ultimately drew this very judicious and obvious conclusion, that although things were not exactly as he could have wished, yet still, they might have been much worse; and that, at any rate, the Hebe was better in Harwich than in the harbour of Dunkirk; and he was much more comfortable here, than he should have been eating *soup maigre* in a French prison.

We did not think of breaking up till a late hour, and parted with Captain Delville and his officers with sincere esteem. All of us expressed our gratitude for the hospitality we had experienced. The old lady invited the Captain to Tillyfrowthy—the young Squire added his invitation, includ-

ing all the officers, and, particularly insisting upon Lieutenant Fenwick's spending a week or two with them, on his first visit to Scotland. Young Miss reiterated, again and again, her mother's invitation to Captain Delville, with a slight and very reserved nod to Lieutenant Fenwick, which, circumstanced as she then was, could not very easily be avoided.

We resolved upon taking post-chaises next morning; but here a new difficulty occurred—a post-chaise would only hold three; now there were four females, including the servant-maid, for one chaise, and three gentlemen for the other. Madam and daughter were not inclined to part with their servant on the road, and I declared my determination not to leave Mrs Fenwick behind; upon which, our fine ladies again began to vent their spleen, for their good humour had vanished with Captain Delville. It was at last carried, by the not very polite eloquence of the young Squire, that the servant should come with the stage-coach, and join her mistress at Edinburgh.

We arrived in Edinburgh without being either overturned or attacked by highwaymen; of both which accidents our fine ladies were in great fear; it being always with difficulty that we were allowed to be upon the road after sunset.

It would have suited me better to have left my companions before reaching Edinburgh; but I had promised to my friend Captain L. to wait on his lady, and inform her of his safety, with such other particulars as she might be anxious to know.

I lost no time in performing this duty; and after seeing Mrs Fenwick safely lodged with her friends in Edinburgh, I arrived at Hawthorn-lodge, with a jumble of accidents and circumstances floating in my brain, of which I was hardly capable of giving a ready and coherent relation, for they had succeeded each other with a rapidity to which I had been unaccustomed. It is unnecessary to say, that my welcome was equal to the hazards which I had experienced.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

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